

T H E
W O R K S
O F T H E
E N G L I S H P O E T S.
W I T H
P R E F A C E S,
B I O G R A P H I C A L A N D C R I T I C A L,
B Y S A M U E L J O H N S O N.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-THIRD.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y J. D A V I S ;

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THE
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VOL. XXXIII.

P O E M S

B Y

M R. P R I O R.

A N O D E,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE HONOURABLE COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, I OD. XXVIII.

“ Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ

“ Menforem cohibent, Archyta, &c.”

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end);
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst fail,
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;

To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search through every clime thy country's foes ;
 That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage ;
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage ;
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age ?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
 To ~~stop~~ ^{stop} or protract th' appointed hour.
 Our term of life depends not on our deed :
 Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
~~Not~~ ^{Not} ~~led~~ ^{led} by foresight, nor misled by chance,
~~Impetuous~~ ^{Impetuous} Death directs his ebon lance ;
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's
 dance.

Alike must every state and every age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage :
 For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.
 Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom ;
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb :
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head :
 Judges of writings and of men have dy'd ;
 Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.

And

And modern Afgyll, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way ;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea :
Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave :
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its poison bring,
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring :
Wet, dry, cold, hot; at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power :
And, when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads ;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the Goddess stood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return ;
In his dear country, to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war ;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years :

Oh ! destin'd head ! and oh ! severe decree !
 Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see ;
 Nor war hast thou to wage ; nor year to come :
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious Goddess is obey'd :
 Winds murmur ; snows descend ; and waters spread.
 Oh ! kinsman, friend—Oh ! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice, strong Destiny replies :
 Weep, you on earth ; for he shall sleep below :
 Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
 To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads ;
 If thou may'st happen on the dreary shores
 To find the object which this verse deploras,
 Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
 From the polluting weed and common sand ;
 Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave
 (The only honour he can now receive),
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
 And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow :
 Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough. }

So may just Heaven secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers and domestic strife !
 And, when th' infernal judge's dismal power
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;
 When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now ;
 May some kind friend the piteous object see,
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee !

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy night :
 Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
 And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun ;
 With thy fair aspect still illustrate heaven ;
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given :
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore :
 Prolong one life ; and Britain asks no more.
 For virtue can no ampler power express,
 Than to be great in war, and good in peace :
 For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
 Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
 Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
 Who founds her greatness on her subjects love ;
 Who does our homage for our good require ;
 And orders that which we should first desire :
 Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
 Her goodness takes our liberty away,
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

}
 Let

Let the young Auftrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war :
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful ifles a woman reigns :
While the bright queen does on her fubjects fhower
The gentle bleffings of her fofter power ;
Gives facred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ftage ;
Bids the chafte Mufe without a blufh appear ;
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.

Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield ;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field :
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd ;
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time, amidſt her native temples fate
The Goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whiſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes :
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' glory roſe. }

A

L E T T E R

T O

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY THE VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, 1704.

“ —Cupidum, Pater optime, vires

“ Deficiunt · neque enim quivis horrentia pilis

“ Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos”—

HOR. Sat. 1.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing

Succesive conquests, and a glorious king ;

Must of a man immortal vainly boast,

And bring him laurels, whatfoe'er they cost :

What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay

On the event of that superior day,

In which one English subject's prosperous hand

(So Jove did will ; so Anna did command)

Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,

Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise ?

From the lost field a hundred standards brought

Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault :

Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,

That fatal day the mighty work was done

With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun ;

Some Dæmon, envying France, misl'd the fight ;

And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.

When

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
 To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine;
 What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,
 Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
 And, though the Poet made his last efforts,
 Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
 But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain
 Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
 The Danube rescued, and the Empire sav'd,
 Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
 And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
 To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
 Is it too hard in happy verse to place
 The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
 Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
 That France may fall by more harmonious names?
 Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
 Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
 And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
 Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
 Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?

}

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
 Place me the valiant Gouran in his stead:
 Let the intention make the number good:
 Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
 And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
 So as to have one rhyme at his command;

* "En vain, pour te louer, &c." Ep. 4.

With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree !
“ In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
“ French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain :
“ Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx
“ Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six :
“ Officers captive made, and private men,
“ Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
“ Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
“ Cannon, and kettle drums !”—sweet numbers these !
But is it thus you English bards compose ?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose ?
And, when you should your Hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse ?

Why, faith ! Despreaux, there's sense in what you say :
I told you where my difficulty lay :
So vast, so numerous, were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the Muse's
toils.

To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,

'Tis mighty hard : what Poet would essay
 To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day ?
 To number all the several dishes drest
 By honest Lamb, last coronation feast ?
 Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
 And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat ?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
 That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill ;
 Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam ;
 Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme ;
 Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muse should strive
 Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to live ;
 Should call aspiring Gods to bless her choice,
 And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
 Arms and a Queen to sing ; who, great and good,
 From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood
 Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
 To save the nations from invading hands,
 To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
 And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
 Attended by the Gods of War and Love :
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear ;
 And, as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
 With active dance should her observance claim ;
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name ;
 Their master Thames should leave the neighbouring shore,
 By his strong anchor known, and silver oar ;

Should

Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet ;
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That, while he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid ;
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war ;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighbouring force ;
And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth ;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth :
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem :
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall ;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul ;
Fixing the bloody crosses upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd ;
Placing the Saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

The Hero bows obedient, and retires :
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires ;
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind ;
When to his sight a heavenly form appears :
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever fought, and bless'd above ;

Me,

Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame
 (Nor need I say, Victoria is my name) ;
 Me the great father down to thee has sent :
 He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
 To execute what Anna's wish would have :
 Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate,
 For Anna's sake, and in her name be great :
 Go forth, and be to distant nations known
 My future favourite, and my darling son :
 At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
 Thy glorious cause ; and spread my wings again,
 Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain. }
 The Goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply ;
 But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.

His high commiſſion is through Britain known,
 And thronging armies to his ſtandard run ;
 He marches thoughtful, and he ſpeedy ſails :
 (Bleſs him, ye ſeas ! and proſper him, ye gales !)
 Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores ;
 And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores :
 His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs ;
 Marlborough to her muſt be what William was.
 So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
 Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods ;
 Alcides, reſpited by prudent Fate,
 Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

Secret and ſwift behold the Chief advance ;
 Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France :

The

The British general dooms the fight ; his sword
 Dreadful he draws ; the captains wait the word.
 Anne and St. George the charging hero cries :
 Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
 Anne and St. George.—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move ; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands ;
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands :
 The ninth, Victoria comes : — o'er Marlborough's
 head

Confess'd she fits ; the hostile troops recede :
 Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
 Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight :
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
 From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's shore.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise ;
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by
 human eyes.

But we must change the style—just now I said,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade ;
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost :
 Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite ;
 Point out the game, and animate the flight ;
 That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
 As we have conquerors, we have poets too ;
 And either laurel does in Britain grow ;

That, though among ourselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate
 (A consequential ill which freedom draws ;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause) ;
 We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France ;
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy Master or thy Muse ;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
 While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains ;
 And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns. }

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

“ Les Allemans ne se soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent
 “ pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent
 “ pourveu que ce soit Latin.”

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
 Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine :
 They never taste, who always drink ;
 They always talk, who never think.

T O A
C H I L D O F Q U A L I T Y,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704;

THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

I.

LORDS, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To shew their passions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Left those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then too, alas ! when she shall tear
 The lines some younger rival sends ;
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
 And we shall still continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it !)
 That I shall be past making love,
 When she begins to comprehend it.

P A R T I A L F A M E.

I.

THE sturdy Man, if he in love obtains,
 In open pomp and triumph reigns :
 The subtle Woman, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though He, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
 Though She can always keep the field :
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame ;
 How partial is the voice of Fame !

FOR THE
PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,
ON WHICH ARE

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch;
The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath;
AND
The chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations know
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Diviſis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tameſis narravit & Iſter,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE
CAMELEON.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;

And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male ;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit ;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang ;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue :
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.

Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news ;
He takes up their mysterious face ;
He drinks his coffee without lace ;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before ;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit ;
He loves cheap port, and double bub ;
And settles in the Hum-drum club :

He

He learns how stocks will fall or rise ;
 Holds poverty the greatest vice ;
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation ;
 And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
 And drinks champaign among the wits ;
 Five deep he toasts the towering lasses ;
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses ;
 Is in the chair ; prescribes the law ;
 And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
 So peevish was the edict of the mayor) ;
 At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
 To please our masters, and his friends the crowd ;
 A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
 Why how now, Andrew ! cries his brother droll ;
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull :
 Come on, fir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean ?
 Quoth Andrew, Honest English let us speak :
 Your emble-(what d' ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.

That busy fool I was, which thou art now ;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;
 And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control ;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.—
 Bow then, says Andrew ; and, for once, I will.—
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;
 Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less :
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong ;
 But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.
 A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on (he cried) ; this fellow is no fool.

A S I M I L E.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop ?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage ;

The

The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs :
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble song, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods ;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound ;
Brought back, how fast so'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

T H E F L I E S.

SAY, fire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive ?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I ?

My judgment turn'd the whole debate :
My valour fav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things ;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.

But, let the truth to light be brought,
 This neither spoke, nor t'other fought :
 No merit in their own behaviour :
 Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A

PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

IN grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
 As mighty Lewis lay,
 She cry'd, " If I have any charms,
 My dearest, let's away !
 For you, my love, is all my fear,
 Hark how the drums do rattle ;
 Alas, fir ! what should you do here
 In dreadful day of battle ?
 Let little Orange stay and fight,
 For danger's his diversion ;
 The wise will think you in the right,
 Not to expose your person :
 Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
 The ruins of your glory :
 You ought to leave so mean a care
 To those who pen your story.
 Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
 For panegyrick writing ?
 They know how heroes may be made,
 Without the help of fighting.

When

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH. 25

When foes too faucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly ;
Put six good horses in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town, or buy it ;
Whilst you, great sir, at Nostredame,
Te Deum sing in quiet !”

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says ; mix water with your wine.

E P I G R A M.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats ;
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes ;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet fighting, he says, we must certainly break ;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak ;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week. }

A N O T H E R.

TO John I ow'd great obligation ;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation :
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

A N O T H E R.

YES, every poet is a fool,
 By demonstration Ned can show it.
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

A N O T H E R.

THY nags, the leanest things alive !
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive ;
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND
 SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf ;
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee :
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself :
 Then why should I answer ; since first I must read
 thee ?

Drunk

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag ;
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.

Pursue me with satire : what harm is there in't ?
 But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear :
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print :
 There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

O N T H E

S A M E P E R S O N.

W H I L E, faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes :
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs.
 Phoebus, give Philo o'er himself command ;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand ;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink :
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

“ QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE—”

F O R what to-morrow shall disclose
 May spoil what you to-night propose :
 England may change ; or Cloe stray :
 Love and life are for to-day.

A B A L.

A B A L L A D
 OF THE
 NOT BROWNE MAYDE.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.*

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among on women
do complayne ;

Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele ; for never a dele they love a man
agayne :

For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true lover
than

Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought he is
a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and sayd,
That womens fayth is, as who sayth, all utterly de-
cayed :

But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse in this case
might be layed,

That they love true, and continuè ; recorde the not-
browne mayde ;

* So *Prior*.—First printed about 1521, says *Capel*.

Which,

Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to
make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart she loved but hym
alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus what was all the
manèie
Betwayne them two; we wyll also tell all the payne,
and fere,
That she was in: nowe I begyn, so that ye me an-
fwère;—
Wherfore, all ye, that present be,—I pray you gyve an
ere:—
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as secret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a banyshed
man.

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuse;
Trustyng to shewe in wordes fewe, that men have an
yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and causelesse
them accuse:
Therefore to you I answere nowe, all women to excuse;—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray
you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harme shall
growe;
My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trowe;

Or

Or elles to fle : the one must be ; none other way I
 knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my
 bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, my owne hart true ! none other rede
 I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyffe, that chaungeth
 as the mone !
 The somers day in luffy May is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell ; Nay, nay, we départ not so
 sone :
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ? alas, what have
 ye done ?
 All my welfare to sorowe and care sholde chaunge, yf
 ye were gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somwhat you
 dystryayne :
 But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a day or
 twayne
 Shall sone aslake ; and ye shall take comfort to you
 agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought, your
 labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do ; and pray you to, as hartely as I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man,

B. Now,

B.

Now, fyth that ye have shewed to me the secreet of your
mynde,

I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall me
fynde :

Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolle not leue be-
hynde ;

Shall it never be sayd, the notbrowne mayd was to her
love unkynde :

Make you redy' ; for so am I, although it were anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke
and say :

Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be gone
away :

Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to
play ;

And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make
delay :

Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an yll
woman,

Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I sholde be
to blame,

Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hurtyng
of my name :

For

For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of
 flame ;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth you, the
 same ;
 To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are they
 none :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens
 lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out to wode with an
 outlawe :
 For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to
 drawe ;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede and
 awe ;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe : yet had I
 lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

I fay nat, nay, but as ye fay, it is no maydens lore :
 But love may make me, for your sake, as I have sayd
 before,
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to get us mete in
 store ;
 For so that I your company may have, I aske no
 more :

From

From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony
stone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hym take
and bynde ;

Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, (as God forbede !) what socours coude
ye fynde ?

For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde
drawe behynde :

And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle were in your coun-
ceyle than :

Wherefore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to
fyght ;

No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght :
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes day
and night,

I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you
with my myght,

And you to save ; as women have from deth many a
one ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede that ye coude nat
 fustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the snowe, the
 frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete : for, dry, or wete, we must lodge
 on the playne ;
 And, us above, none other rose but a brake, bush, or
 twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ; and ye wolde
 gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynèrè with you of joy and
 blyffe,
 I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is :
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre ; and, shortely, it is this,—
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not fare
 amyffe.
 Without more speche, I you beseeche that, we were
 shortely gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must confider,—whan ye have
 lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale,
 ne wine ;

Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and
 twyne ;
 None other house, but leues and bowes, to cover your
 hed and myne :
 O myne hart swete, this evyll dyète sholde make you
 pale and wan ;
 Wherefore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 mar.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère as men say
 that ye be,
 May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete
 plente :
 And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete to me ;
 With which in hile I shall ryght wele endure, as ye
 shall see :
 And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go with
 me :
 As cut your here above your ere, your kirtel above
 the kne :
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande your enemyes,
 yf nede be :
 And, this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde
 wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortly as ye can;
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to wo-
 manhede;
 To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyme of
 nede: —
 O my swete mother, before all other for you I have
 most drede:
 But nowe, adue! I must ensue where fortune doth me
 lede. —
 All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day cometh fast
 upon;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shal nat go, and I shall tell you
 why, —
 Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy:
 For, lyke as ye have fayed to me, in lyke wyse hardely
 Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were, in way of com-
 pany.
 It is fayd of olde, — sone hote, sone colde; and so is a
 woman:
 For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede fuch wordes to fay by
me ;

For oft ye prayed, and longe affayed, or I you loved,
pardè :

And though that I of aunceltry a barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a fquyer of
lowe degre ;

And ever fhall, whatfo befall ; to dy therefore anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde ! it were a curfed dede :
To be felawe with an outlawe ! Almighty God for-
bede !

Yea, beter were, the pore fquyère alone to foreft
yede,

Than ye fhoulde fay another day, that by that curfed
dede

Ye were betrayed : wherfore, good mayd, the beft rede
that I can,

Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyfhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never fhall of this thyng you up-
brayd :

But yf ye go, and leve me fo, than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele howe that ye dele ; for, yf ye be
as ye fayd,

Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the
notbrowne mayd.

D 3

Trust

Trust me truly, that I shall dy fone after ye be gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent : for in the forest
 nowe
 I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than
 you ;
 Another fayrèr than ever ye were, I dare it wele
 avowe ;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with other, as
 I trowe :
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe ; so wyll I, yf I can ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyshed
 man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought, but that I
 will be your :
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and courteys
 every hour ;
 Glad to fulfill all that she wyll commaunde me, to my
 power :
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that
 one ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
 alone.

A. Mync

A.

Myne own dere love, I fe the prove that ye be kynde,
and true ;

Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that ever
I knewe.

Be mery and glad, be no more fad, the cafe is chaunged
newe ;

For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye sholde have
caufe to rewe :

Be nat difmayed ; whatfoever I fayd to you, whan I
began,

I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyfhed
man.

B.

Thefe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made
a quene,

Yf I were fure they sholde endure : but it is often fene,
Whan men wyll breke promyfe, they fpeke the wordes
on the fplene :

Ye fhape fome wyle, me to begyle, and ftele from me
I wene :

Than were the cafe worfe than it was, and I more
wo-begone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

Ye fhall nat nede further to drede ; I will not dysparage
You, (God defende !) fyth you defcend of fo grete
a lynage.

Nowe understande,—to Westmarlande, which is myne
 herytage,
 I wyll you bringe ; and with a rynge, by way of ma-
 ryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can :
 Thus have ye won an erlys son, and not a banyshed
 man.

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in love, meke, kynde,
 and stable :
 Late never man reprove them than,
 But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be com-
 fortable,
 Which sometyme proved such as he loved, yf they be
 charytable.
 Forsoth, men wolde that women sholde be meke to
 them ech one ;
 Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but
 hym alone.

H E N R Y A N D E M M A.

A P O E M,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

T O C L O E.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play ;
 Careless of what the censuring world may say :
 Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?
 No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old ;
 Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd :
 At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd ;
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love, and not be lov'd again :
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd :
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.

And,

And, while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse :
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse !

As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt :

O let the story with thy life agree :

Let men once more the bright example see ;

What Emma was to him, be thou to me.

Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,

Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.

But oh ! with pity long-intreated crown

My pains and hopes ; and, when thou say'st, that one

Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands ;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd

With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past ;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply, -
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma ; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name :
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd ;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft' in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord) ;
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one. }

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd ;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that Virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came ; they saw ; they marvel'd ; and they lov'd.

By

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
 Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art. }
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown : }
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone. }

While these in public to the castle
 And by their grandeur justified their
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
 In his right hand his beechen pole he bears :
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
 And shews the path her steed may safest take ;
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ; }
 And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A fal-

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves :
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear ;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first, which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow ;

With

With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair ;
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :
 Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
 And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;
 And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love :
 Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
 And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
 The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves, 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :
 Great are his joys : but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
 Another Love may gain her easy youth :
 Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
 Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife ;

Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
 And most we question, what we most desire !
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
 Our cup of Love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
 Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of woman, and the force of love.
 If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
 But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
 Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
 Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame

Upon

Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
 And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
 Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
 Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shewn ;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes :
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to her ear commend,
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
 For different this from every former note,
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
 Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power ;
 And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
 Now night, advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid ;
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
 And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.

To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;
For Love, fantastick power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes ; though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break ;
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph : the Man
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

H E N R Y .

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?

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Thy

P R I O R ' S P O E M S .

Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd ;
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd ?
 And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart ? }
 If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy charms ;
 By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms :
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas ! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
 For lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued ;
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued :
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay ;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

E M M A .

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon ;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon ?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies ?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies ?
 If love, alas ! be pain ; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd :

The

The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

}

O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love ;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share ;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid ;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run ;
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y .

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way ;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say :
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took ;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd :
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love ;
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

P R I O R ' S P O E M S .

E M M A .

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
Let every tongue its various censures choose ;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise ;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
Nor from that busy Demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y .

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow ?
With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

E M M A .

E M M A .

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it !) should'st thou
 bleed ;

To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y .

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid ;
 Can they bear angry Jove ? can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east ?

When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste: and weeping try
 (Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate? }
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide. }

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;

The

The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return :
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;
 With humble duty, and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
 And, when at night with weary toil oppress'd,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest ;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
 Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care ;
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart ; and grateful let him own
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone ! }

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
 In graceful braids with various ribbon bound :

E 4

No

P R I O R ' S P O E M S .

No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
 From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less :
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double every charm they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining air,
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
 Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
 The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
 And, with a bolder stride and loose air,
 Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
 Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
 Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view :
 For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :

With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

E M M A .

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.

Who

Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress :
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.

In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :

For thee again they shall be laid aside ;

The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchange'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O line extreme of human infamy !

Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.

Black foot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace

This little red and white of Emma's face.

These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,

Left by my look or colour be express'd

The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.

Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,

Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;

Lost to the world, let me to him be known :

My fate I can absolve, if he shall own

That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !

Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,

Ev'n

Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ft to go
 Wild to the woods with me : faid Emma fo ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never faid ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whofe roving fancy would refolve the fame
 With him, who next fhould tempt her eafy fame ;
 And blow with empty words the fufceptible flame. }
 Now why fhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confefs thy frailty, and avow the fex :
 No longer loofe defire for conftant love
 Miftake ; but fay, 'tis Man with whom thou long'ft to
 rove.

E M M A.

Are there not poifons, racks, and flames, and fwords ;
 That Emma thus muft die by Henry's words ?
 Yet what could fwords or poifon, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's
 fame. }

And fall thefe fayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil fpeech and foft perfuafion hung ;
 Whofe artful fweetnefs and harmonious ftrain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd fighs, and tears, and wifhes, to its aid ;
 And, whilft it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldnefs of the Nut-brown Maid ? }

Let envious jealoufy and canker'd fpite
 Produce my actions to fevereft light,
 And tax my open day, or fecret night. }

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must never own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone? }

H E N R Y .

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind. }

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow :
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue? }
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave. }

Hence

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wife and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight. }

Why should'st thou weep ? let Nature judge our case ;
 I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
 Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms ;
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If Beauty's force to constant Love can bind),
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows :
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :

Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to
 rove. }

E M M A .

Are we in life through one great error led ?
 Is each man perjurd, and each nymph betray'd ?

Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
 Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
 Yet let me go with thee : and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our different care,
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :
 I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair :
 My busy diligence shall deck her board
 (For there at least I may approach my Lord) ;
 And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease ;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
 When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead ;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
 And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.

And

And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart ;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove ; and conscious Venus, hear ;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !
 At least excuse a trial too severe :
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth !
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious earl : him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the British lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Dora knows ;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
And fees his numerous herds imprint her fands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire : shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way. }

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on :
While yet superior Love shall mock his power :
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold ;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove. }

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
O ! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight, }
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?

Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
None, none there is ; the thought was rash and vain ;
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands ;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace :
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date ;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require ;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd ;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;

Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ
 My life subservient only to thy joy ;
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To choose propitious shafts, a precious store ;
 That, when their God should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
 His happy skill might proper arms employ,
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of Beauty stopt her bridled doves ;
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
 And to the triumph call'd the God of War :
 Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice :
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
 But, when she sings great Edward from the field
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
 And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,

The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
 To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign ;
 To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;
 The British foldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :
 Let her at least perform what I desire ;
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
 And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past ;
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
 Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove :
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear ;
 And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian Deity
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
 And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise ;
 As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
 From every annual course let one great day
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside ; and, in the softest lays
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
 And everlasting marks of honour paid
 To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

詩

A N O D E,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

O N T H E

GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S
ARMS, 1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

“ Te non paventis funera Gallæ,

“ Duræque tellus audit Iberæ :

“ Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri

“ Compolitīs venerantur armis.” HOR.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry : I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

“ Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that

that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, 'as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have however retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *proweys*, strength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now mentioned,

“ Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo

“ Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in

England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

“ From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood :
whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that Curiosa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached;

reached : both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country ; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

O D E.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
 And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars ;
 Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
 He saw his fame increasing with his years ;
 Horace, great bard ! (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
 And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
 Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
 And set their battles in eternal light :
 High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
 And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

II.

When bright Elizá rul'd Britannia's state,
 Widely distributing her high commands,
 And boldly wife, and fortunately great,
 Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands ;

An equal genius was in Spenser found ;
 To the high theme he match'd his noble lays :
 He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
 In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise :
 Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
 He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna ! while thy arms pursue
 Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
 Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew ;
 What poet shall be found to sing thy name ?
 What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
 Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main ?
 O fairest model of imperial sway !
 What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign ?
 Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
 Nor yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse ?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet :
 Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,
 I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
 And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
 By these examples rightly taught to sing,
 And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
 Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
 High as Olympus I my flight will raise ;
 And latest times shall in my numbers read
 Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows ;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough fate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe ;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our General's fame :
Grasps he the bolt ? we ask—when he has hurl'd the
flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom roll'd :

He

He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
 Whom whilom he had met on Ifter's shore ;
 Too well, alas ! the man he knows the fame,
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
 And sent them trembling through the frighted lands,
 Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve :
 Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
 It now would shine, and only give him leave
 To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
 So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
 His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
 Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
 Roars terrible, and meditates new war ;
 In fullen fury traverses the plain,
 To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
 Nor tempt the hero to unequal war ;
 Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
 Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.
 Those laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
 Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
 While, bold assertor of resifless truth,
 Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
 Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
 And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
 And human faults with human grief confess ;
 'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the same ;
 From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
 Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
 Till stronger virtue does the weight incline :
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue ;
 For Jove's great handmaid Power must Jove's decrees
 pursue.

XI.

Hark ! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms !
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
 And all of William that was mortal died ;
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
 Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
 Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master-sword, disposer of thy power ;
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.

He took the gift : Nor ever will I sheathe
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),
 The General said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands ;
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide
 (If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats ;
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
 With mingled anger and collected might,
 To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
 How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
 On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
 Behold them rushing through the Gallic host :
 Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
 Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
 They deal their terrors to the adverse nation :
 Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

XV. But

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
 And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate ;
 While Britain presses her afflicted foes ;
 What horror damps the strong, and quells the great !
 Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale ?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread ?
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail ;
 And the pursuers only not recede.
 Alas ! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief !
 For, anxious, lo ! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar ;
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Jo's sound :
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war :—
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.—
 Vain wish ! short joy ! the hero mounts again
 In greater glory, and with fuller light :
 The evening star so falls into' the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars ! the battle is regain'd :
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field :
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd :
 Freedom must live ; and lawless power must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove !
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell :
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.

Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice :
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat :
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown :
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were made
Sublimar yet to raise his queen's renown :
Still gaining more, still fighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone re-
main'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled ;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall ;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said :

And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
 Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend ?
 Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe ?
 Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end ?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd
 coast ?

XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air :
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
 To dare our British foes to open fight :
 Our conquest we by stratagem should make :
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
 'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain :
 'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
 Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
 From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
 And fix'd on silver Thames his diem abodes :
 And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
 By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place :
 Superior here to all the bolts of fate

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow :
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his fable shield,
 Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field :
 Hence Nevil, great to fettle or dethrone,
 And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea :
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny :
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal :
 For, oh ! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to
 tell ?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
 Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke ;
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies :
 So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise ;
 And every age she with a race is crown'd,
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel ;
 Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain.

Nor France on universal sway intent,
 Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars ;
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars :
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
 What tidings shall the messenger convey ?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day ?
 Alas ! my praises they no more must sing ;
 They to my statue now must bow no more :
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king :
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
 The Woman Chief is master of the war :
 Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven
 by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
 What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends ?
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen ?
 Oh ! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
 Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free :
 Oh ! with her sister Sculpture let her join
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee ;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring ;
 To thee, our dearest dread ; to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe fav'd the column high erect,
 Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's ;
 Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
 And full atchievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heaven, and a serener air,
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot : and this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie ; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
 O virtue to thy British mother dear !
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide ;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own :
 Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
 Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war ;

Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne ;
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear ;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or sounded his alarms ;
Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy shall her deliverer meet ;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bless thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd ;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword ;
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' fons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand :
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Creffy's battle sav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British rose,
Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty :
The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween ;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :
Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh ! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
To save herself from darkness and from death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durst of war and martial fury sing ;
And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

H E R R I G H T N A M E.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that,
 Tell me, she said ; but tell me true ;
 The Nymph who could your heart subdue.
 What sort of charms does she possess ?
 Absolve me, fair-one ; I'll confess
 With pleasure, I reply'd. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd :
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state, by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray ;
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray ;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet ;
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight :
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke—
 The gipsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly shew'd she knew the face ;
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid ?

C A N T A T A.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

R E C I T.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To Venus thus address'd the song :
 Ten thousand little Loves around,
 Listening, dwelt on every sound.

A R I E T.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth on silent wings is flown :
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms :
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all amorous care releas'd.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

R E C I T.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair ?
 Why do I all day lament and sigh,
 Unless the beauteous maid be nigh ?
 And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
 Through flowery meads and crystal streams ?

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

Thus fung the Bard ; and thus the Goddess spoke :
 Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke :

Every state, and every age,
 Shall own my rule, and fear my rage :
 Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
 That all the world was born to love.

A R I E T.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
 Soft desire and gentle pain :
 Often praise, and always love her :
 Through her ear, her heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her ;
 Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

L I N E S W R I T T E N I N A N O V I D :

A T R A N S L A T I O N F R O M T H E F R E N C H .

OVID is the surest guide
 You can name, to shew the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

A

T R U E M A I D .

NO, no ; for my virginity,
 When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die :
 Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick,
 Rose, were you not extremely sick ?

A N O T H E R.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
 She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise.
 But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
 Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin ;
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.
 Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your
 lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A

REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies ;
 His spouse is in despair :
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give :
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die ;
 His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alifon past,
 She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
 malice,

That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
 Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

A N O T H E R.

HE R eye-brow-box one morning lost,
 ('The best of folks are oftenest crost')
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said
 (Her careless but afflicted maid),
 Put me to bed then, wretched Jane ;
 Alas ! when shall I rise again ?
 I can behold no mortal now :
 For what's an eye without a brow ?

O N T H E S A M E S U B J E C T.

IN a dark corner of the house
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries ;
 She will not see her loving spouse,
 Nor her more dear picquet allies :
 Unless she find her eye-brows,
 She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

O N T H E S A M E.

HELLEN was just flipt into bed :
 Her eye-brows on the toilet lay ;
 Away the kitten with them fled,
 As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated :
 And madam, getting up again,
 With her own hand the mouse-trap baited,

On little things; as fages write,
 Depends our human joy or sorrow :
 If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
 Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

P H Y L L I S ' S A G E.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
 To answer is no easy task :
 For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in flays,
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;
 All day let Envy view her face,
 And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night Astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron le
Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A N

E P I G R A M.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modest
By much than you believe.

Lend

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or ;
 And you shall never see him more :
 Take the advice ; *probatum est*.
 Why do the Gods indulge our store,
 But to secure our rest ?

E P I L O G U E

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one, who never troubled you before :
 An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak ;
 And comes to town to let us Moderns know,
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play :
 Egad ! we know all that as well as they :
 Shew us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his feat, and running his career ;
 Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
 As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames :
 Every Ismena would resign her breast ;
 And every dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, fix flouncing Flanders mares
 Are e'en as good as any two of theirs :
 And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
 To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
 Something at least in justice should be said;
 But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
 Well! Phædra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd;
 For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.
 Her aukwark love indeed was oddly fated;
 She and her Poly were too near related;
 And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
 If honest Theseus had but fairly died:
 But when he came, what needed he to know,
 But that all matters stood *in statu quo*?
 There was no harm, you see; or, grant there were,
 She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
 'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
 Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
 He should have sent a night or two before,
 That he would come exact at such an hour;
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
 Found every thing contribute to his rest;
 The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
 And spouse alone impatient for her dear.

But, if these gay reflections come too late,
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
 If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
 Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
 Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
 My spotless flames to your protection take;
 And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

A
C R I T I C A L M O M E N T.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor
Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

E P I L O G U E

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE Female Author who recites to-day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like Father Bayes securely she sits down :
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad ! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics shew'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric string ;
Though they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find ;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.

The blustering bully in our neighbouring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets :
 Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns :
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
 The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love :
 And, while their sweethearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.
 Now, Sirs——

To you our author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
 From tender friendship, and endearing love.
 If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse ;
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse ;
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears ;
 I plead her sex's claim ; what matters hers ?
 By our full power of beauty we think fit
 To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit :
 We'll try the empire who so long have boasted ;
 And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
 Approve what one of us presents to-night,
 Or every mortal woman here shall write :
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme ;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time. }
 Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;
 Female third-days shall come so thick upon ye,
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.

Unless

Unless you yield for better and for worse :
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the course ;
 And the grey mare will prove the better horse. }

THE

THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A B A L L A D ;

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
 the Greve,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;
 Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had
 put on,
 And the Hangman completes what the Judge but
 begun ;
 There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the
 Post,
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
 more crost.
 Derry down, &c.

Great

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known ;

And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own :
But my hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail ?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear :
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin :
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son ? says the Priest :

You murder'd, are forry, and have been confess'd.
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies :

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die : let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend ; for to-day is your period of sorrow ;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our Hero replied in a fright :
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
night.
Tell your beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly trufs'd
up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the
treat,
Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat ;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to
boot ;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste ;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade ;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

T O C H L O E.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain cold friendship you return ;
 Your drops of pity on my fire,
 Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah ! would you have the flame suppress'd,
 That kills the heart it heats too fast,
 Take half my passion to your breast :
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

A N

E P I T A P H.

“ Stet quicunque volet potens

“ Autæ culmine lubrico, &c.”

SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
 Lie fauntering Jack and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run ;
 If human things went ill or well,
 If changing empires rose or fell,
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.

They walk'd, and eat, good folks : what then ?
Why then they walk'd and eat again :
They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day :
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother ;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

 Their moral and œconomy
Most perfectly they made agree :
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did ;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid :
So every servant took his course ;
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

 They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt ;
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

 No man's defects sought they to know ;
So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend ;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
They would not learn, nor could advise :
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were :
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried :
And so they liv'd, and so they died

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,
GIVEN TO THE, DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN
FRANCE, AFTER THE PEACE, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

A N

E P I S T L E,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE :

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1714; BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY
THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require ;
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight ;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen ; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon ? and will thy ear accept the vow ?
That, in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last ; that, as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,

H 4

Thu

Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen ;
 Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene ;
 When to a low, but to a loyal hand
 The mighty Empress gave her high command,
 That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
 To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past ;
 To say, she wills detested wars to cease ;
 She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease,
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace. }

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
 Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have power
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse :
 Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus king of verse,
 The votive tablet I suspend * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE ;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

WHEREON WERE ALL HER GRANDSONS PAINTED.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest,
 If She created, or He painted best ;
 With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
 She still form'd fairer ; He still liker drew.

In these seven brethren they contended last,
 With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
 And, both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,
 The Goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
 That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
 Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise :
 For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd
 Only yourself thus often multiply'd.
 When Heaven had You and gracious Anna * made,
 What more exalted beauty could it add ?
 Having no nobler images in store,
 It but kept up to these, nor could do more }
 Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
 If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
 Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
 With all that world of charms, which soon will move
 Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love ;
 His very grace his fair descent assures,
 He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
 If every Cecil's face had every charm,
 That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form ;
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
 They are all fair, because they're all like you.
 If every Ca'ndish great and charming look ;
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.
 In their each limb your image is express'd,
 But on their brow firm courage stands confess'd ;

* Eldest daughter of the Countess.

There, their great father, by a strong increase,
 Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece :
 Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
 Wieffen seven times one great perfection drew :
 Whoever sat, the picture still is you. }

So when the parent-sun, with genial beams,
 Has animated many goodly gems,
 He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
 Such as might govern earth, and people heaven ;
 Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
 She saw the Deity in every son :
 And to what God soe'er men altars rais'd,
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys :
 Your stronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah ! Wieffen, had thy art been so refin'd,
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
 Through circling years thy labours would survive,
 And living rules to fairest virtue give,
 To men unborn and ages yet to live :
 *Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
 Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do ;
 Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
 And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die. }

A F A B L E,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY, 1710.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round ;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say :
" What noble part canst thou sustain,
" Thou specious head without a brain ?"

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.

HORACE, I EP. IX. IMITATED.

" Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus,
" Quanti me facias, &c."

DEAR Dick,* howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great ;
Though I plain Mat, you Minister of State :
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.

* Richard Shelton, Esq.

Thus

Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes ;
And, answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread ;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply ;
Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confess'd,
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul :
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

T O

M R. H A R L E Y,

W O U N D E D B Y G U I S C A R D, 1711.

“ Ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.” HOR.

I.

I N one great *now*, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find :
How heavenly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence :
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives :
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The Patriot views ; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame :
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V. Faith-

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound :
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand^{*}
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe ;
A stranger to her altars, and her land :
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care :
Our Queen, our Saint, with sacrificing breath
Softens thy anguish : in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heaven !
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar :
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

A N

EXTEMPORE INVITATION

T O T H E

E A R L O F O X F O R D,

L O R D H I G H T R E A S U R E R, 1712.

M Y L O R D,

O U R weekly friends to-morrow meet
 At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
 To try for once if they can dine
 On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
 If, weary'd with the great affairs
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's carés,
 Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
 Thy mind one moment to unbend,
 To see thy servant from his soul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl;
 Among the guests which e'er my house
 Receiv'd, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof—
 Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

E R L E

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
 Baten beside Erle Robert's table.
 Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
 Feast lyche as heart of moufe mote wifh.

As gueſts fat jovial at the board,
 Forth leap'd our mice: eftfoons the lord
 Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft' propos full quaint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
 To Matthew ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
 To thee, lean Bard, it doth pertain
 To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.
 Come frame us now ſome clean device,
 Or playſant rhyme on yonder mice:
 They ſeem, God ſhield me! Mat and Charles.

Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)
 At emblem, or device am I:
 But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
 Ne verſe from me (ſo God me thrive)
 On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.

Certes

Certes I have this many days
 Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
 Ne armed knight ydrad in war
 With lion fierce will I compare ;
 Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
 Harming in secet guise the flocks ;
 Ne priest unworth of goddes coat,
 To swine ydrunk, or filthy float :
 Elk simile farewell for aye,
 From elephant, I trowe, to flea.

Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.
 Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
 With wit that falleth all so fair :
 Eftfoons, well weet ye, mine intent
 Boweth to your commaundement.
 If by these creatures ye have seen,
 Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been ;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
 The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to St. Stephen's Court : *
 Therein is space enough, I trow,
 For elke comrade to come and go :
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyne survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play ;

* The Exchequer.

Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other *tells*.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind ;
 Now, as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray ?
 Let that be wrought which Mat doth say :
 Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day. }

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft' doth Mat with Topaz * dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine ;
 But Topaz his own werke rehearfeth,
 And Mat mote praise what Topaz verfeth.
 Now, fure as priest did e'er thrive finner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Sufan did her wif-hede well menteine,
 Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine :
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
 Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.

The person here satirized was Sir Richard Blackmore. N.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde ;
 Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde ;
 That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer trial ;
 Full marveillous, I vote, were filk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELIST.

WHEN fam'd Varelist this little wonder drew,
 Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view :
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand ;
 And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
 Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

TO THE

LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

ON A COLUMN OF HER DRAWING.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
 These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter
 drew,
 They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
 A fairer column to the Father's praise.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view ;
 Ere Gothick forms were known in Greece
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece ;
 And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
 Had jangled their fantastic chimes :
 Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges, scot and lot ;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend ;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
 His servants follow with the things :
 Appears the governante of th' house ;
 For such in Greece were much in use :

If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does Squire Protogenes live here ?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'fey low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church ; 'tis Venus' day :
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus : 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece ;
So like th' original, they say :
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea :
At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after ;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true :
And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me ?

By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'fying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master :
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself : safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir,—at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle :
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confess'd,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece :
And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie ;

PROTOGENES AND APELLES. 119

Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design :
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale ;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise ;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth :
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by :
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?

O N M Y

B I R T H - D A Y, J U L Y 21.

I.

I MY dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly comrades say;
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth:
 Little, alas! my comrades know
 That I was born to pain and woe;
 Better I had ne'er been born:
 I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
 Shall I salute the rising ray?
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
 Clotilda,* thou alone dost know:
 Shall the wreath surround my hair?
 Or shall the music please my ear?
 Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live?
 Then let me see great Venus chafe
 Imperious anger from thy face;
 Then let me hear thee smiling say,
 Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

E P I T A P H,

EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
 The son of Adam and of Eve;
 Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

TO me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
 To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
 Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven! }

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

AS doctors give phyfic by way of prevention,
 Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took
 care;
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II. Then

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid ;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye ;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he !

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust ;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view ;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII. Fierce

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
 So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found ;
 False witnesses at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
 So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
 To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same.
 And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
 He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
 Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
 Arctoa florens sophiâ, Samisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto ;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico ;
 Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias :
 Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo ;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli ;
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis :
 Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis ;
 Quique superites, Homo ; qui nihil, esto Deus.

Attamen

Attamen effe hilares, & inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
 Et feftos agitâffe dies, ævique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuiſſe jocis.
 His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
 Et Mors ; feu Divum, feu nihil, effe velit :
 Nam ſophia ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
 Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the buſy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
 And Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath,
 The body only I give o'er to death ;
 The parts diſſolv'd and broken frame I mourn :
 What came from earth I ſee to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' æthereal ſoul,
 Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death control.
 Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares,
 And bid good angels waſt it to the ſtars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
 Which, ſpite of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe.
 The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
 And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
 But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove ;

On its dark side if thou the prospect take ;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake ;
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky :
 Yet bear thy lot content ; yet cease to grieve :
 Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live ?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
 And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow :
 And of this little hast thou aught to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care ?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
 The present hours in present mirth employ,
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy :
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd erst ; nor can by Fate's decree
 Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

}

THE

FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
 Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
 The God for ever great, for ever king,
 Who slew the Earth-born race, and measures right
 To heaven's great habitants ? Dictæan hear'st thou
 More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute

And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
 Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place : but oft'
 He meets reproof deserv'd : for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ft
 To die, but liv'ft the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth : Great Rhea,
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines :
 Holy retreat ! thence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
 The ponderous birth ; she sought a neighbouring spring
 To wash the recent babe ; in vain : Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now adust and dry,
 Deny'd the Goddess water ; where deep Melas
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoak'd,
 Obscure with rising dust : the thirsty traveller
 In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
 In subterraneous caverns : forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'er shading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth ;
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said ; and high
 She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff : from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,

And cheer'd the vallies : there the heavenly mother
 Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs : she wrapt them
 In purple bands : she gave the precious pledge
 To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
 Careful and secret ; Neda, of the nymphs
 That tended the great birth, next Philyre
 And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
 And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust ;
 Not unrewarded ; since the river bore
 The favourite virgin's name ; fair Neda rolls
 By Lepreon's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
 Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Arcas,
 Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
 Their fleecy charge ; and joyous drink her wave.

Thee, God, to Cnosus Neda brought ; the nymphs
 And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
 Receiv'd : Adraсте rock'd thy golden cradle :
 The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
 Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distant
 With milk, thy early food : the sedulous bee
 Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
 To thy fore-knowing mother !) trod tumultuous
 Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms,
 Industrious with the warlike din to quell
 Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn :
 Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
 Waited thy blooming years : inventive wit,
 And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
 That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire

Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd;
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted : but high heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant ; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh ! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen ; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.

Thou to the leſſer Gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power : thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleening armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſſful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The foldier, from ſucceſſful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who

Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings ; and kings of Jove.

And, as their actions tend subordinate
 To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
 Proportion'd to the work ; thou see'st impartial
 How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
 His different realm, accountable to thee,
 Great ruler of the world : these only have
 To speak and be obey'd ; to those are given
 Assistant days to ripen the design ;
 To some whole months, revolving years to some ;
 Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail ! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of every good : thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung ? or who that may be born shall sing ?
 Again, and often hail ! indulge our prayer,
 Great father ! grant us virtue, grant us wealth :
 For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not ;
 And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth ; for both are of thy gift !

T H E

SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

T O A P O L L O.

HA ! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
 And all the cavern shakes ! far off, far off,
 The man that is unhallow'd : for the God,
 The God approaches. Hark ! he knocks ; the gates
 Feel the glad impulse ; and the sever'd bars
 Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
 Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
 Self-mov'd ? and hovering swans, their throats releas'd
 From native silence, carol sounds harmonious ?

Begin, young men, the hymn : let all your harps
 Break their inglorious silence ; and the dance,
 In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
 But first, by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
 Purge the contagious spots of human weakness :
 Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
 So may ye flourish, favour'd by the God,
 In youth with happy nuptials ; and in age
 With silver hair, and fair descent of children !
 So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
 And bless your spreading colonies increase !

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song ;
 Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emit
 His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands ;
 And seas subside, obedient to the sound

Of Iō, Iō Pean! nor dares Thetis
 Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
 For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
 Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
 Iō! again repeat ye, Iō Pean!

Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.
 He, that resists the power of Ptolemy,
 Resists the power of heaven; for power from heaven
 Derives; and monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
 The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day
 Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
 Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
 And Liſſian bow, are gold: with golden sandals
 His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
 Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises,
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheeks; from his fair head
 Perfumes distill their sweets; and cheerful Health,
 His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
 With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
 Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
 Eludes the urn ; and chains or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore ; for that, from heaven
 Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' banks
 Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
 Produc'd an ampler store of milk ; the she-goat
 Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder ;
 And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
 Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Blest the cattle,
 On which Apollo cast his favouring eye !

But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
 Delight'ft in building cities. Bright Diana,
 Kind sister to thy infant deity,
 New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
 Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
 Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
 These with discerning hand thou knew'ft to range
 (Young as thou wast), and in the well-fram'd models,
 With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
 Thou shew'ft where towers or battlements should rise,
 Where gates should open, or where walls should compass :

While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
 The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
 The Libyan strand ; when the foreboding crow
 Flew on the right before the people, marking
 The country destin'd the auspicious seat
 Of future kings, and favour of the God,
 Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian
 Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
 As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
 Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
 Carnean let me call thee; for my country
 Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
 Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
 Ere settled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
 Thy annual feasts, kind God, and bless thy altars
 Smoaking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
 As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
 Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
 Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
 Iō Carnean Phœbus! Iō Pean!

The yellow crocus there and fair narcissus
 Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
 To deck thy temple; till returning spring
 Diffuses Nature's various pride; and flowers
 Innumerable, by the soft south-west
 Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
 Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
 Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
 When annual the Carnean feast is held;
 The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
 The dance; with clanging swords and shields they beat
 The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
 Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
 To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
 From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,

And lands determin'd for their last abodes ;
 But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
 Dispers'd ; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
 Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
 Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
 Thou gracious deign'dst to let the fair-one view
 Her typic people ; thou with pleasure taught'st her
 To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
 And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
 Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
 Was aided by thy power ! The monstrous Python
 Durst tempt thy wrath in vain : for dead he fell,
 To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

Iö ! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
 Another, and another dart ; the people
 Joyfully repeated Iö ! Iö Pean !
 Elance the dart, Apollo : for the safety
 And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus :
 Like thee I am a power immortal ; therefore
 To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
 Those poets who write little ? Vast and great
 Is what I love : the far-extended ocean
 To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
 Spurn'd Envy with his foot ; and thus the God :
 Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
 Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy ;
 And carries forward with his stupid force
 Polluting dirt ; his torrent still augmenting,
 His wave still more defil'd : mean while the nymphs
Melissæ,

Meliffian, facred and reclufe to Ceres,
 Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
 And fit for heavenly ufe, from little urns
 Pour freams felect, and purity of waters.

Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
 Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
 Draw tuns unmeafurable; while thy favour
 Adminifters to my ambitious thirft
 The wholefome draught from Aganippe's fpring
 Genuine, and with foft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

C H A R I T Y.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF
 THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

DID fweeter founds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels fung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or fcience can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the fpeeches of the babbling earth;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaft infpire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Ifrael faw
 When Mofes gave them miracles and law:
 Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent gueft,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breaft,

Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer ;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair ;
 A tymbal's found were better than my voice ;
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the 'high, and rears the abject mind,
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives ;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives ;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives ;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each 'heart-a little 'heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows ;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease ;
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As, through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover, but allow
 That more remains unseen, than art can show :
 So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above),

High

High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope :
 Yet we are able only to survey
 Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
 Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight ;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd ;
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy :
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive—
 Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

C U P I D I N A M B U S H.

IT oft' to many has successful been,
 Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
 Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
 Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
 All public sports, to favour young desire,
 With opportunities like this conspire.

Ev'n

Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
 With human blood where the Arena flows;
 There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
 Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy:
 While the spectator gazes on the fight,
 And sees them wound each other with delight;
 While he his pretty mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
 Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
 And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HAL-
 STEAD IN ESSEX;

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING,
 WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL
 FISKE, 1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure given
 To buildings rais'd by common hands:
 That fabrick rises high as heaven,
 Whose basis on devotion stands.
 While yet we draw this vital breath,
 We can our Faith and Hope declare;
 But Charity beyond our death
 Will ever in our works appear.
 Best be he call'd among good men,
 Who to his God this column rais'd:
 Though

INSCRIPTION IN HALSTEAD CHURCH. 139

Though lightning strike the dome again,
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd :
Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains ;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,
While deathless Charity remains.

A L M A:

O R,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλωτος, καὶ πάντα πόνης, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν*

Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων εἰς τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

C A N T O I.

MATTHEW * met Richard †, when or were
 From story is not mighty clear:
 Of many knotty points they spoke,
 And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
 Rats half the manuscript have eat:
 Dire hunger! which we still regret.
 O! may they ne'er again digest
 The horrors of so sad a feast!
 Yet less our grief, if what remains,
 Dear Jacob ‡, by thy care and pains

10

* Himself. † Mr. Shelton. ‡ Tonson.

Shall

Shall be to future times convey'd.

It thus begins :

* * * * Here Matthew said,

Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd, 15
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bond fide*, all in all.

And yet, flap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein :
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost ; 20
While every where she rules the roast.

This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply. 25
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain, 30
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes ; 35
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike ;
The duke they court ; the toast they like ;

And

And at St. James's turn their grace 40
From former friends now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious :
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing. 45
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

Wife Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose :
Could Alma else with judgment tell 50
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell ?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster* and an *onion* ?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow ; 55
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole ;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd, 60
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought !) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne* ;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters. 65

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear :
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

Last

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling 70
 (A thing she much delights to deal in),
 A thousand little nerves she sends
 Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends ;
 And these in gratitude again
 Return their spirits to the brain ; 75
 In which their figure being printed
 (As just before, I think, I hinted),
 Alma inform'd can try the case,
 As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives different journies 80
 To country council and attorneys,
 He on the bench in quiet sits,
 Deciding, as they bring the writs.
 The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
 And very seldom stirs from home : 85
 Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
 And having heard what they advise,
 He rules the church's blest dominions,
 And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrice, 90
 Who for the old opinion fight,
 Would make their modern friends confess
 The difference but from more to less.
 The Mind, say they, while you sustain
 To hold her station in the brain ; 95
 You grant, at least, she is extended :
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
 For till to-morrow should you plead,
 From form and structure of the head,

The

The Mind as visibly is seen 100
 Extended through the whole *machine*.
 Why should all honour then be ta'en
 From lower parts to load the brain,
 When other limbs we plainly see,
 Each in his way, as brisk as he ? 105
 For music, grant the head receive it,
 It is the artist's hand that gave it ;
 And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
 The foldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
 Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes, 110
 Are not his parts, but his allies ;
 Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
 Comes *ab origine* from them.
 What could the head perform alone,
 If all their friendly aids were gone ? 115
 A foolish figure he must make ;
 Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
 Nor matters it, that you can show
 How to the head the spirits go ;
 Those spirits started from some goal, 120
 Before they through the veins could roll.
 Now, we should hold them much to blame,
 If they went back, before they came.
 If therefore, as we must suppose,
 They came from fingers, and from toes ; 125
 Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
 Of *Num-scul*'s self should take the place :
 Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
 That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water, 130

Their correspondent teeth will chatter :

And, strike the bottom of your feet,

You set your head into a heat.

The bully beat, and happy lover,

Confess that feeling lies all over. 135

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach

(As all our youth may learn from Creech)

That eyes were made, but could not view,

Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue :

But heedless Nature did produce 140

The members first, and then the use.

What each must act was yet unknown,

Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A man first builds a country-seat,

Then finds the walls not good to eat. 145

Another plants, and wondering sees

Nor books nor medals on his trees.

Yet Poet and Philosopher

Was he, who durst such whims aver,

Blest, for his sake, be human reason, 150

That came at all, though late in season.

But no man sure e'er left his house,

And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,

To bring a midwife to his spouse,

Before he knew she was with-child. 155

And no man ever reapt his corn,

Or from the oven drew his bread,

Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,

That taught them both to sow and knead.

Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse ? 160

Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.

While you Pindaric truths rehearse,

She hobbles in *alternate* verse.

Verse ! Mat reply'd ; is that my care ?

Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair. 165

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had

But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade ;

As if she haply had sat down,

And cut out clothes for all the town ;

Then sent them out to Monmouth-street, 170

To try what persons they would fit.

But every free and licens'd taylor

Would in this *thesis* find a failure.

Should whims like these his head perplex,

How could he work for either sex ? 175

His clothes, as atoms might prevail,

Might fit a pismire, or a whale.

No, no : he views with studious pleasure

Your shape, before he takes your measure.

For real Kate he made the boddice, 180

And not for an *ideal* goddess.

No error near his shop-board lurk'd :

He knew the folks for whom he work'd ;

Still to their size he aim'd his skill :

Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill ? 185

Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,

Observe, how matters would miscarry :

Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes ;

Your spectacles upon your toes :

Then you and Memmius shall agree 190
How nicely men would walk, or see.

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd ;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less. 195
In arms and science 'tis the same :

Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt, 200
John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.

So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook :
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground. 205

The commentators on old Ari-
stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought ;
Just as the melancholic eye 210
Sees fleets and armies in the sky ;

And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells found, " Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme* ;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream ; 215
North Britons thus have *second-fight* ;
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,

- Attest, that, if their comments find 220
 The traces of their master's mind,
 Alma can ne'er decay nor die :
 This flatly t' other sect deny ;
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
 - Great names, but hard in verse to stand. 225
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The *tenets* of their master's book,
 And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
 O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
 Now which were wise ? and which were fools ? 230
 Poor Alma sits between two stools :
 The more she reads, the more perplex ;
 The comment ruining the text :
 Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate :
 But, Richard, let her look to that— 235
 Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
 These different *systems*, old or new,
 A man with half an eye may see,
 Were only form'd to disagree.
 Now, to bring things to fair conclusion, 240
 And save much Christian ink's effusion,
 Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
 And sail along the middle stream :
 For, Dick, if we could reconcile
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus, 245
 How many would admire our toil !
 And yet how few would comprehend us !
 Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence :
 Oh ! may my words be lost in sense !

While

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write 250
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple *system* shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees; 255

Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter, 260
As we shall shew at large hereafter.

Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage. 265

From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove 270
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl: 275
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,

Fearful of future grief and pain, 280
Should silently sneak out again.

Full piteous seems young Alma's case ;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass. }

Again ; as she grows something stronger, 285

And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his *loco-motive* tricks ;

These first assaults fat Kate repays him ;
When half asleep, she overlays him. 290

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age

That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,

And round the parlour love to ride ;
Till thoughtful father's pious care 295

Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,

With supplemental hobby-horses :

And happy be their infant courses !

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still :

Their legs, you see, direct their will ; 300

From opening morn till setting sun,

Around the fields and woods they run ;

They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,

Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies, 305

And likes, as I have said, the thighs,

With *sympathetic* power she warms

Their good allies and friends, the arms ;

While

While Betty dances on the green,
 And Sufan is at stool-ball seen ; 310
 While John for nine-pins does declare,
 And Roger loves to pitch the bar :
 Both legs and arms spontaneous move ;
 Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes : 315
 O need I name the seat she takes ?
 His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds ;
 The sport and race no more he minds ;
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
 And covies unmolested fly. 320

Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.
 In dying accents he complains
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
 The nymph too longs to be alone, 325
 Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
 And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
 They meet each evening in the grove ;
 Their parley but augments their love : 330
 So to the priest their case they tell :
 He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep ;
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months time the boddice loose,
 And petticoats too short, disclose
 That at this age the active mind
 About the waist lies most confin'd ;

And that young life and quickening sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence. 340
 So from the middle of the world
 The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd :
 'Tis from that feat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken Earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat, 345
 Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
 And thus the youth put in his word.
 Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
 A higher place than you assign'd him. 350

Love's advocates ! Dick, who are those ?—
 The Poets, you may well suppose.
 I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
 The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone for private ends, 355
 I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius ;
 If he may be allow'd to teach us.
 The self-same thing soft Ovid says
 (A proper judge in such a case). 360
 Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur* ;
 And happy was that curious speaker.
 Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
 What signifies too long quotation ?
 In Ode and Epic, plain the case is, 365
 That Love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
 I'll strait demolish this objection.

First,

First, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please. 370
Matter and figure they produce ;
For garnish this, and that for use ;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests :
But one may balk this good intent, 375
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare ;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard : 380
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal ;
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours, 385
But only smells the peel and flowers ;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows, 390
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise, 395
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes ;
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral ?

Your

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
 As wild or sober maggots bit : 400
 And, where too much the poet ranted,
 The sage Philosopher recanted.
 His grave Epistles may disprove
 The wanton Odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother 405
 With Cupid and his fancy'd mother ;
 Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
 Declares that winds and seas obey her ;
 And, while her honour he rehearſes,
 Implores her to inſpire his verſes. 410

Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
 Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
 That ſhe and all her fellow-gods
 Sit idling in their high abodes,
 Regardless of this world below, 415
 Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
 Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
 With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove 420
 Where lies the real ſeat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
 As either beſt ſupplies their verſe ;
 And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
 Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
 Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh Muſe 425
 May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
 In proſe our property is greater :
 Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre ?

If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart* : 430

But, if he takes his bow and quiver ;
'Tis sure, he must transfix the *liver* :
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose, 435
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose ;

Anatomists can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair ;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices ; 440

Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide :
Else we should want both gibe and satire ;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.

Now gall is bitter with a witness, 445
And love is all delight and sweetness.

My *logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same :
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler. 450

The like may of the *heart* be said ;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo* :
And mighty physical their fear is ;
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.

But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high ; 460
The strings of which, in battles heat,
Against their very *corsets* beat ;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart 465
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the feat
Of fond desire, and fell debate? 470
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions then I think but idle ; 475
And Love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your Hero were a Lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low ;
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept :
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the Parson's daughter.

Antoni^{us} fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:

His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world. 490
 Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd ;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir ;
 Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars, 495
 Only to dry one widow's tears.—

France's fourth Henry we may see
 A servant to the fair d'Estree ;
 When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
 And Fortune taught at length to yield, 500
 He from his guards and midnight tent
 Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame ;
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove 505
 These heroes were no friends to love ;
 And bolder he, who dares aver
 That they were enemies to war.
 Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
 Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*, 510
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
 Which Love more justly calls *his own*.*

Examples I could cite you more ;
 But be contented with these four :
 For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
 Four are as valid as four dozen.
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome ;
 The other two grew nearer home.

For some in ancient books delight ;
 Others prefer what moderns write :
 Now I should be extremely loth,
 Not to be thought expert in both.

520

C A N T O II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road ?
 And leave our subject in the middle,
 As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle ?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew
 When to recede, and where pursue :
 His noble negligences teach
 What others toils despair to reach.
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
 And balances your fear and hope :
 If, after some distinguish'd leap,
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
 Straight gathering all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length.
 With wonder you approve his slight,
 And owe your pleasure to your fright.
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False *mimic* of my master's dance ;
 Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
 My preface tells you, I digress'd :
 He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your *simile*,
 And, in return, take two from me.
 As masters in the *clare obscure* 25
 With various light your eyes allure,
 A flaming yellow here they spread,
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;
 Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd : 30
 Or as, again, your courtly dames
 (Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
 And things are best as most contrary ;
 The gown, with stiff embroidery shining, 35
 Looks charming with a slighter lining ;
 The out-, if Indian figure stain,
 The in-side must be rich and plain.
 So you great authors have thought fit
 To make digression temper wit : 40
 When arguments too fiercely glare,
 You calm them with a milder air :
 To break their points, you turn their force,
 And *furbelow* the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine 45
 Speak something *sty*, and something *fine* :
 But I shall e'en resume *my theme*,
 However thou may'st praise or blame.

As people marry now, and settle,
 Fierce Love abates his usual mettle :
 Worldly desires, and household cares,
 Disturb the Godhead's soft affairs :

So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Banished-down :
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure ;
He sighs for freedom, she for power :
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below ;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick ;

And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus, having strove some tedious years 85
With feign'd desires, and real fears ;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station. 90

Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And Gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy ; while Poltis sat 95
In quiet governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring ?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife : 100
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope ? 105
She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good man
With honour take her back again ?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives :

One to Atrides I will fend,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave :
The wrath of Gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, and dignity, and name :
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs ;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right ;
For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.

No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,

His comrade takes the furer aim.

One moment if his beams recede;

145

As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

Opening again, he lays his claim

To half the profit, half the fame,

And helps to pocket up the game.

}

'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,

150

To give his partner fairer play.

Some limbs again, in bulk or stature

Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,

In concert act, like modern friends,

Because one serves the other's ends.

155

The arm thus waits upon the heart,

So quick to take the bully's part,

That one, though warm, decides more slow

Than t'other executes the blow.

A stander-by may chance to have it,

160

Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The amorous eyes thus always go

A-strolling for their friends below;

For, long before the squire and dame

Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,

165

Ere visits yet are brought about,

The eye by sympathy looks out,

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,

And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,

Though at sash-window, on the stairs,

170

At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shews the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general *system*
May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.

This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays

Upon two distant pots of ale,
 Not knowing which was mild or stale :
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice ; 205
 Which best or worst you could not think,
 And die you must for want of drink ;
 Unless some chance inclines your fight,
 Setting one pot in fairer light ;
 Then you prefer or A, or B, 210
 As lines and angles best agree :
 Your sense resolv'd impels your will :
 She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Between two equal banners sway'd ? 215
 Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
 If plac'd exactly in the middle :
 But, forc'd from this unactive state
 By virtue of some casual weight,
 On either side you hear them clatter, 220
 And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
 Without your choice, must take its course ;
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the north. 225
 And thou and I, by power unseen,
 Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
 To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
 As straw and paper are by amber.
 If we sit down to play or set 230
 (Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*),

Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We fure in vain the cards condemn :
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely :
She only is a ſtander-by.
Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
Do ſome impuſſive force obey :
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame ;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.

Thus, to ſave further contradiction
Againſt what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare :
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impuſe wrought :
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country ſquire you talk !

Mark then ;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of vital fire ;
Into that limb fair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.

And, void of modesty and thought,
 She follows Bibo's endless draught.
 Through the soft sex again she ranges,
 As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
 Fair Alma, careless and serene, 265
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;
 While they diffuse their infant beams,
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.
 Again fair Alma sits confest
 On Florimel's experter breast ; 270
 When she the rising sigh constrains,
 And by concealing speaks her pains.
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
 When the vain thing her jewels shows :
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd, 275
 Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
 And when the swelling hoop sustains
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
 Into that lower space to enter,
 Of the large round herself the centre. 280
 Again : that single limb or feature
 (Such is the cogent force of nature),
 Which most did Alma's passion move
 In the first object of her love,
 For ever will be found confest, 285
 And printed on the amorous breast.
 O Abelard ! ill-fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth :
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
 Adorns a nobler poet's song. 290
 M 4 Dan

Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A filken web ; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours ; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The God shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise !

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole ;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John hallooos his hounds again ;
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair ;
His feet, however lame, you find
Have got the better of his mind.

If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg ;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.

In public mask, or private ball,
 From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmiths-hall,
 All Christmas long away she trudges,
 Trips it with prentices and judges :
 In vain her children urge her stay,
 325
 And age or palsy bar the way.

But, if those images prevail
 Which whilom did affect the tail,
 She still renews the ancient scene,
 Forgets the forty-years between :
 330
 Aukwardly gay, and oddly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry ;
 O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
 335
 Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.

On any point if you dispute,
 Depend upon it, he'll confute :
 340

Change sides, and you increase your pain,
 For he'll confute you back again.

For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.

And 'tis remarkable that they
 Talk most, who have the least to say.
 Your dainty speakers have the curse,
 To plead bad causes down to worse :
 As dames, who native-beauty want,
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again : if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass !) ;
For ever more all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet ;
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife ;
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers ;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation ;
And lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on general nature :
This is a system, not a satire.

Turn we this globe, and let us see
 How different nations disagree
 In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
 Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
 In water as you smell and taste 385
 The soils through which it rose and past ;
 In Alma's manners you may read
 The place where she was born and bred.

One people from their swaddling bands
 Releas'd their infants' feet and hands : 390
 Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
 And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
 Ere they could yet in go-carts walk :
 There Alma settled in the tongue, 395
 And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
 The different use of mouths and hands ;
 As men repos'd their various hopes,
 In battles these, and those in tropes. 400

In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
 The ladies trip in petticoats ;
 Which, for the honour of their nation,
 They quit but on some great occasion.
 Men there in breeches clad you view : 405
 They claim that garment as their due.
 In Turkey the reverse appears ;
 Long coats the haughty husband wears,
 And greets his wife with angry speeches
 If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantaſtic climes the fair
 With cleanly powder dry their hair :
 And round their lovely breaſt and head
 Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.
 Your nicer Hottentots think meet 415
 With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
 With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs
 The ogling youth moſt humbly begs
 She would not from his hopes remove
 At once his breakfast and his love : 420
 And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
 He in a double ſenſe muſt die.

We ſimple toaſters take delight
 To ſee our women's teeth look white,
 And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow 425
 Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
 In China none hold women ſweet,
 Except their ſnags are black as jett.
 King Chihu put nine queens to death,
 Convict on ſtatute, *Ivory Teeth*. 430

At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die
 (As Jeſuits write, who never lie),
 The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
 Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
 Prepare and light his funeral fire, 435
 And cheerful on the pile expire.
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find
 In each degree one half ſo kind.

Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
 And there obſerve the gentry dreſt. 440
 Prince,

Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
 Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters ;
 The marks remaining on the skin,
 To tell the quality within.
 Distinguish'd slashes deck the great : 445
 As each excels in birth or state,
 His oylet-holes are more and ampler :
 The king's own body was a sampler.
 Happy the climate, where the beau
 Wears the same suit for use and show : 450
 And at a small expence your wife,
 If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
 Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear :
 Before you see, you smell your toast ; 455
 And sweetest she who stinks the most.
 The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes :
 How sleek their skins ! their joints how easy !
 There slovens only are not greasy. 460

I mention'd different ways of breeding :
 Begin we in our children's reading.
 To master John the English maid
 A horn-book gives of gingerbread ;
 And, that the child may learn the better, 465
 As he can name, he eats the letter.
 Proceeding thus with vast delight,
 He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
 But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
 Where we suppose the book begun, 470

The

The child would thank you for your kindness,
 And read quite backward from our *finis*.
 Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
 Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter 475
 Is in the manners of a daughter.

In Europe, if a harmless maid,
 By Nature and by Love betray'd,
 Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
 Her friends would look on her the worse. 480

In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
 (Look in his Index for Pagelli),
 Soon as the British ships unmoor,
 And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
 Down come the nobles of the land : 485

Each brings his daughter in his hand,
 Beseeking the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care.
 The tender mother stands affrighted,
 Left her dear daughter should be slighted : 490
 And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
 The lady that in Europe dwells :
 After her tea, she slips away, 495
 And what to do, one need not say.

Now see how great Pomonque's queen
 Behav'd herself amongst the men :
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl ; 500
 And

And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace —

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.

What parts gay France from sober Spain? 505
A little rising rocky chain.

Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.

Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve. 510

If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.

Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way :

Thy way unhappy should'st thou take 515
From Tyber's bank to Lemman lake,

Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore :

Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone ;
No longer Rome, but Babylon. 520

That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?

Since, in the very Cantons Swiss, 525
All your philosophers agree,

And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,

On this, or t'other side a river.

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick —

The bard, on this extensive chapter
 Wound up into poetic rapture,
 Continued: Richard, cast your eye
 By night upon a winter-sky:
 Cast it by day-light on the strand, 535
 Which compasses fair Albion's land:
 If you can count the stars that glow
 Above, or sands that lie below,
 Into those common places look,
 Which from great authors I have took, 540
 And count the proofs I have collected,
 To have my writings well protected.
 These I lay by for time of need,
 And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
 For, standing every critic's rage, 545
 I safely will to future age
 My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
 Victorious over spight and death.

C A N T O III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
 Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;
 And sense like *this*, in vocal breath,
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
 Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought, 5
 Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leafing,
 Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing, 10
 Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
 Nor care to have their lie deſerted,
 Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
 And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em :
 Or as, again, thoſe amorous blades, 15
 Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
 Though at the firſt their wild deſire
 Was but to quench a preſent fire ;
 Yet if the object of their love
 Chance by Lucina's aid to prove, 20
 They ſeldom let the bantling roar
 In baſket at a neighbour's door ;
 But, by the flattering glaſs of nature
 Viewing themſelves in *cake-bread's* feature,
 With ſerious thought and care ſupport 25
 What only was begun in ſport :
 Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
 Who deal in philoſophic wares.
 Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
 To gratify your private pleaſure ; 30
 Till airy feeds of caſual wit
 Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget ;
 And, pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
 Beyond what you at firſt intended,
 The happy whimſey you purſue, 35
 Till you at length believe it true.
 Caught by your own deluſive art,
 You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.

Quoth Matthew : Friend, as far as I
 Through art or nature cast my eye, 40
 This axiom clearly I discern,
 That one must teach, and t'other learn.
 No fool Pythagoras was thought ;
 Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
 He made his listening scholars stand, 45
 Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :
 Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
 Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
 Might have refus'd to let his ears
 Attend the music of the spheres ; 50
 Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
 And introduc'd the use of beans.
 From great Lucretius take his void,
 And all the world is quite destroy'd.
 Deny Des-cart his subtil matter, 55
 You leave him neither fire nor water.
 How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
 If you, in answer to his book,
 Say in the front of your discourse,
 That things have no elastic force ! 60
 How could our *chemic* friends go on,
 To find the *philosophic* stone,
 If you more powerful reasons bring,
 To prove that there is no such thing ?
 Your chiefs in sciences and arts 65
 Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
 They find the giddy is, or dull ;
 She doubts if things are void, or full :

And

And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see, or feel? 70

She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.

In can't—it may be—and it must :
To which of these must Alma trust ?

Nay further yet they make her go 75
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.

Can *syllogism* set things right ?
No : *majors* soon with *minors* fight ;

Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The *consequence* limps false behind. 80

So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.

With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back

What from her tale he comprehended : 85
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
The Conjuror knows who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men ? 90

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,

Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.

You tell your doctor that y'are ill :
And what does he, but write a bill ?

Of which you need not read one letter :
 The worse the scrawl, the dose the better. 100
 For if you knew but what you take,
 Though you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
 Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance, or accident, divides 105
 All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
 You must have friends to back your cause ;
 In *philosophic* matters so
 Your judgment must with others' go : 110
 For as in senates, so in schools,
 Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
 O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
 With panting haste, and quick surprise, 115
 From every leaf that stirs, she flies ;
 Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
 She flights what erst she singly fear'd :
 And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
 She dares pursue, if they dare lead ; 120
 As their example still prevails,
 She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
 Thinks for himself, becomes a fool ;
 As party man, who leaves the rest,
 Is call'd but *whimsical* * at best.

Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be lifted in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect. 130
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd :
So put off all mistrust and pride.

And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise : 135
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives. 140

So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply : 145
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits, 150 }
To judge of things, and censure wits.

Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain !
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum* ! 155
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater* !

Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get;
 And, with incessant toil and strife, 160
 Would keep possession during life.
 I could demonstrate every pore,
 Where memory lays up all her store;
 And to an inch compute the station
 'Twixt judgment and imagination. 165
 O friend! I could display much learning,
 At least to men of small discerning.
 The brain contains ten thousand cells:
 In each some active fancy dwells;
 Which always is at work, and framing 170
 The several follies I was naming.
 As in a hive's vimineous dome
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
 Each does her studious actions vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry;
 Each still renews her little labour,
 Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour:
 Each—whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
 I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
 O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
 Could I but see thy head dissected!

My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
 Spare that, and take some other limb.
 Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
 Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em,
 Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
 And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.

Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
 You have already gone too far.
 When people once are in the wrong, 190
 Each line they add is much too long.
 Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
 Is only furthest from his way.
 Bless your conceits! must I believe,
 Howe'er absurd, what you conceive; 195
 And, for your friendship, live and die
 A papist in philosophy?
 I say, whatever you maintain
 Of Alma in the heart or brain,
 The plainest man alive may tell ye, 200
 Her seat of empire is the belly:
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which makes us either stout or wise;
 The strength of every other member
 Is founded on your belly-timber; 205
 The qualms or raptures of your blood
 Rise in proportion to your food;
 And, if you would improve your thought,
 You must be fed as well as taught.
 Your stomach makes your fabrick roll, 210
 Just as the bias rules the bowl.
 The great Achilles might employ
 The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
 He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
 On toasts of ammunition bread: 215
 But, by his mother sent away,
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,

Effeminate he fat, and quiet:
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
 Now give my argument fair play, 220
 And take the thing the other way:
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke: 225
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice and uncle John;
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.
 But, give him port and potent sack, 230
 From *milk-sop* he starts up *Moback*;
 Holds that the happy know no hours;
 So through the street at midnight scowls,
 Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashes; 235
 Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And 'decently reels up to bed.
 Observe the various operations 240
 Of food and drink in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel?
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If ~~first~~ he rides, then eats his horse?
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

A L M A, CANTO III.

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and coffee cause this work
 Between the German and the Turk;
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
 Give the same death in different words.
 To push this argument no further;
 To starve a man, in law is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
 Though many artful springs are seen;
 The added movements, which declare
 How full the moon, how old the year,
 Derive their secondary power
 From that which simply points the hour.
 For, though those gim-cracks were away,
 (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say.
 However more reduc'd and plain,
 The watch would still a watch remain:
 But, if the *horal* orbit ceases,
 The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
 Is now no longer what it was,
 And you may e'en go sell the case.
 So, if unprejudic'd you scan
 The goings of this clock-work man,
 You find a hundred movements made
 By fine devices in his head;
 But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
 That tells his being what's o'clock.

P R I O R ' S P O E M S .

You take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
 He talks no more in mode and figure ;
 Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel, 280
 His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;
 Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,
 His voice no longer rules the state.
 Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
 Your clock, though plain, would still go on ; 285
 But spoil the engine of digestion,
 And you entirely change the question.
 Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
 The jest, alas ! is at an end :
 Soon ceases all the worldly bustle, 290
 And you consign the corpse to Ruffel.

Now make your Alma come or go
 From leg to hand, from top to toe,
 Your *system*, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition. 295
 So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
 Fit for the war, or road, or course ;
 His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
 His foot was sure as ever trod :
 One fault he had (a fault indeed !) ; 300
 And what was that ? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
 That Alma is a mere *machine* :
 That, telling others what's o'clock,
 She knows not what herself has struck ;

But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick, 310
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.

Fight fair, Sir : what I never meant

Don't you infer. In argument

Similies are like songs in love :

They must describe ; they nothing prove. 315

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,

Toft up his nose, and would have cavill'd ;

But, calling Hermes to his aid,

Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said :

(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame) 320

That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.

In danger heroes, and in doubt

Poets find Gods to help them out.)

Friend Richard, I begin to see,

That you and I shall scarce agree. 325

Observe how oddly you behave :

The more I grant, the more you crave.

But, comrade, as I said just now,

I should affirm, and you allow.

We *system*-makers can sustain 330

The *thesis*, which you grant was plain ;

And with remarks and comments tease ye,

In case the thing before was easy.

But, in a point obscure and dark,

We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke ;

And, when no reason we can shew,

Why matters this or that way go,

The shortest way the thing we try,
 And what we know not, we deny ;
 True to our own o'erbearing pride, 340
 And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
 Who could not tell what motion was :
 Because he walk'd against his will,
 He fac'd men down, that he stood still. 345

And he who, reading on the heart
 (When all his *quodlibets* of art
 Could not expound its pulse and heat),
 Swore he had never felt it beat.

Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus, 350
 Makes bold (Jove blefs him !) to assure us,
 That all things, which our mind can view,
 May be at once both false and true.

And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate : 355
 Says he, so little can our mind
 Of matter or of spirit find,

That we by guesses at least may gather
 Something, which may be both, or neither.
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true 360
 (But this is only *entre nous*),

That many knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few can clear ;
 As nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit : 365

Circles to square, and cubes to double,
 Would give a man excessive trouble ;

The

The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Whifton and his bombs.
 What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd 370
 The cause why woman has no beard?
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
 In points like these we must agree,
 Our barbers know as much as we. 375
 Yet still, unable to explain,
 We must persist the best we can;
 With care our *system* still renew,
 And prove things likely, though not true.
 I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute, 380
 By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;
 With learned skill, now push, now parry,
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,
 And never yield; or, what is worst,
 Never conclude the point discours'd. 385
 Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
 How much you to my candour owe,
 I'll from the disputant descend,
 To shew thee, I assume the friend:
 I'll take thy notion for my own— 390
 (So most philosophers have done)
 It makes my *system* more complete:
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
 Take what thou wilt, said Dick, dear friend;
 But bring thy matters to an end.
 I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
 Who first offend will first complain.

Thou wishest I should make to shore ;
 Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
 What I have told thee fifty times 400
 In prose, receive for once in rhymes :
 A huge fat man in country-fair,
 Or city-church (no matter where),
 Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
 Still bawling out extremely loud, 405
 Lord save us ! why do people prefs !
 Another, marking his distress,
 Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
 Get out as fast as e'er you can ;
 Or cease to push, or to exclaim : 410
 You make the very crowd you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
 The least return ; so e'en proceed :
 Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short :
 So far, at least, I thank you for't. 415

Mat took his thanks ; and, in a tone
 More magisterial, thus went on,

Now, Alma settles in the head,
 As has before been sung, or said :
 And here begins this farce of life ; 420
 Enter revenge, ambition, strife :
 Behold on both sides men advance,
 To form in earnest Bays's dance.
 L'Avare, not using half his store,
 Still grumbles that he has no more ; 425
 Strikes not the present tun, for fear
 The vintage should be had next year ;

And

And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
 And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
 Abroad if the *furtout* you wear 430

Repels the rigour of the air;
 Would you be warmer, if at home
 You had the fabric and the loom?
 And, if two boots keep out the weather,
 What need you have two hides of leather? 435

Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
 Of a *sonata* on his viol,
 Unless he had the total gut
 Whence every string at first was cut?
 When Rarus shews you his cartone, 440

He always tells you, with a groan,
 Where two of that same hand were torn
 Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
 For part of his Petronius lost, 445
 That he can never take the pains
 To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,
 What strict inquiries did he make,
 To get one medal wanting yet, 450
 And perfect all his Roman set!

'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
 Of these no more you hear him speak:
 He now begins upon the Greek. 455

These, rang'd and shew'd, shall in their turns
 Remain obscure as in their urns.

My

PRIOR'S POEMS.

My copper-lamps at any rate,
 For being true antique, I bought ;
 Yet wisely melted down my plate, 460
 On modern models to be wrought :
 And trifles I alike pursue,
 Because they're old, because they're new.
 Dick, I have seen you with delight
 For Georgy * make a paper kite. 465
 And simple odes too many show ye
 My servile complaisance to Chloe.
 Parents and lovers are decreed
 By Nature fools—That's brave indeed !
 Quoth Dick : such truths are worth receiving. 470
 Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
 Now, Alma, to divines and profe
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes ;
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
 But of thy follies, idle creature ! 475
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,
 And not the malice of thy sting :
 Thy pride of being great and wise
 I do but mention, to despise ;
 I view with anger and disdain 480
 How little gives thee joy or pain ;
 A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
 A shell, a butterfly, can do't ;
 Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time, 485

Which

Which else would on thy hand remain ;
 Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again ;
 And cards are dealt, and chefs-boards brought,
 To ease the pain of coward thought :
 Happy result of human wit !
 That Alma may herself forget.

490

Dick, thus we act ; and thus we are,
 Or tofs'd by hope, or sunk by care.
 With endless pain this man pursues
 What, if he gain'd, he could not use :
 And t' other fondly hopes to see
 What never was, nor e'er shall be.
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,
 In gesture grave, in action fools :
 We join hypocrisy to pride,
 Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
 Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
 We find ourselves at sixty five,
 And twenty pretty things are known,
 Of which we can't accomplish one ;
 Whilst, as my *system* says, the mind
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
 Should I, my friend, at large repeat
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
 The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
 My Poem would be too prolix.
 For, could I my remarks sustain,
 Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
 Who in these times would read my books,
 But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes ?

495

500

505

510

515

As

As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
 After long thought and grave advice,
 Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
 Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :
 So Alma, now to joy or grief 520
 Superior, finds her late relief :
 Weary'd of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state ;
 Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that ; 525
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
 Through which she wings her destin'd way ;
 Upward she soars, and down drops clay :
 While some surviving friend supplies 530
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would Fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us play-things for our age : 535
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
 And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
 Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty ;
 And should we both in this condition 540
 Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition
 (Else those two passions, by the way,
 May chance to shew us scurvy play) ;
 Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town ; 545
 I fond

I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books complete.
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted, 550
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted :

Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :
 Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
 And Time some uncouth heir supply, 555
 Who shall for nothing else be known
 But spoiling ~~all that thou hast done~~.

Who set the twigs shall he remember
 That is in haste to fell the timber ?
 And what shall of thy woods remain, 560
 Except the box that threw the main ?

Nay, may not Time and Death remove
 The near relations whom I love ?
 And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
 (Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy) 565
 My favourite books and pictures sell
 To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell ?

Kindly throw in a little figure,
 And set the price ~~upon the bigger~~ ?
 Those who could never read the grammar, 570
 When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
 May think books best, as richest bound ;
 My copper medals by the pound
 May be with learned justice weigh'd ;
 To turn the balance, Otho's head

May be thrown in ; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—

Tir'd with these thoughts—Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet, let the Goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown ;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *champaigne* or muddled *port*.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell ?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye ?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend ; broach the pleasing notion :
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a groat—

For Plato's fancies what care I ?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say ?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.

If to be sad is to be wise,
 I do most heartily despise
 Whatever Socrates has said,
 Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, * to set our matters right, 610
 Remove these papers from my sight ;
 Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotle :
 Here ! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

* Mr. Prior's Secretary and Executor.

S O L O M O N

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A

P O E M

IN THREE BOOKS.

‘Ο Βίος γὰρ ἄνθρωπος ἔχει, πάρος δ’ ἔργον πέλει.

EURIP.

“ Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repu-
“ erascam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.”

CIC. de Senect.

“ The *bewailing of man's miseries* hath been elegantly and
“ copiously set forth by many in the writings as well
“ of Philosophers as Divines; and is both a pleasant
“ and a profitable contemplation.”

BACON.

P R E F A C E.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyrick, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the publick are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *fzlo de se*; and, by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind,
than

than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language : how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, *ALL IS VANITY*.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing ; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the "*simplex duntaxat & unum*," which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalical or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favourable in their censure ; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage, or character, in the Epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to shew us, in his *Iliad*, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his *Odysses*, the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose; and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The Poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly *Troy Town Sacked*; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his *Godfrey and Rinaldo*: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronfard's *Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneis*. His Hero
comes

comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French Poets in the Epic. In our language, Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His *Fairy Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the account which every Knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine *Gloriana*. The whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another cast and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is observable, that every Hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth

truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to Death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the Hero and the Author, but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book; and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

“Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus—”

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an Historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian Queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of
the

the finest parts of his *Æneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man : nor could he otherwise have written, or we read, one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments : their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shewn their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most Poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined : it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following ;

and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for Epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And, while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyrick upon Great Britain in the First Book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best Poet, or the greatest Scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's "Nonum prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical Lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the meantime I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English Poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my *scrutoire*, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my *scrutoire* came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think

myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book* ; these two only ought to be angry with me : for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

* As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

- “ The words of the Preacher the Son of David King
 “ of Jerufalem.” Ecclefiaſtes, chap. i. ver. 1.
- “ Vanity of vanities, ſays the Preacher, vanity of
 “ vanities, all is vanity.” Ver. 2.
- “ I communed with mine own heart, ſaying, Lo, I am
 “ come to great eſtate, and have gotten more wiſ-
 “ dom than all they that have been before me in
 “ Jeruſalem : yea my heart had great experience of
 “ wiſdom and knowledge.” Ver. 16.
- “ He ſpake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in
 “ Lebanon, even unto the hyſſop that ſpringeth out
 “ of the wall : he ſpake alſo of beaſts, and of fowl,
 “ and of creeping things, and of fiſhes.” 1 Kings,
 chap. iv. ver. 33.
- “ I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for
 “ ever : nothing can be put to it, nor any thing
 “ taken from it ; and God doeth it, that men ſhould
 “ fear before him.” Ecclefiaſtes, chap. iii. ver. 14.
- “ He hath made every thing beautiful in his time :
 “ alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart, ſo that no
 “ man can find out the work that God maketh from
 “ the beginning to the end.” Ver. 11.
- “ For in much wiſdom is much grief : and he that
 “ increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow.” Chap. i.
 ver. 18.
- “ And further, by theſe, my ſon, be admoniſhed : of
 “ making many books there is no end : and much
 “ ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh.” Chap. xii. ver. 12.

K N O W L E D G E :

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and Doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

YE Sons of men, with just regard attend,
 Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
 Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
 That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
 That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
 O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,

Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
 Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end :
 That from the womb we take our fatal shares
 Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares ; 10
 And, at approach of death, shall only know
 The truth, which from these penfive numbers flow, }
 That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
 Which we call life, mistaking : 'fugitive theme 15
 Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
 Notional good, by fancy only made,
 And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
 Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
 Cause of our care, and error of our mind ; 20
 Oh ! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
 To Adam, and his mortal race ; the boon
 Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon :
 On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
 And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd. 25

But O ! ere yet original man was made,
 Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
 It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
 That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
 This sad experience cites me to reveal, 30
 And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
 Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
 Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,
 My name extended to the farthest east,

My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
 Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
 My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
 Quick my invention, and my judgment sound :
 Arise (I commun'd with myself), arise ; 40
 Think, to be happy ; to be great, be wise :
 Content of spirit must from science flow,
 For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said ; and sent my edict through the land :
 Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand ; 45
 Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
 The old discoursing as the younger read :
 Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said ; }

The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
 Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree, 50
 I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
 From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
 Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
 To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall :
 Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find 55
 A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beach delights the glade
 With boughs extended, and a rounder shade ;
 Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
 And with a pointed spear divide the skies : 60
 Nor why again the changing oak should shed
 The yearly honour of his stately head ;
 Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
 Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade? 65
 Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
 The fig and date, why love they to remain
 In middle station, and an even plain;
 While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
 And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd? 70
 Why does one climate and one soil endue
 The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
 Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue? }
 Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
 A various colour from one parent root; 75
 While the fantastic tulip strives to break
 In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
 The twining jasmine and the blushing rose
 With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
 The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare 80
 The stronger impulse of an evening air.
 Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
 A various instinct, or a different power?
 Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
 Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
 Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
 We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
 Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
 And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
 Along the sunny bank, or watery mead, 90
 Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;

Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. 95
 The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast :
 A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
 That that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
 Take but the humblest lily of the field ; 100
 And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shewn
 That on the regal-seat great David's son,
 Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
 Shines with less glory than that simple flower. 105

Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire :
 How the mute race engender, or respire,
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
 To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas 110
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays ?
 How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
 From freezing waters and the colder north,
 To southern climes directing their career, 115
 Their station changing with th' inverted year ?
 How all with careful knowledge are endued,
 To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food ;
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood ?

Of birds, how each according to her kind
 Proper materials for her nest can find,
 And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
 Would or amend or imitate in vain ?

How

How in small flights they know to try their young,
 And teach the callow child her parent's song? 125
 Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?
 Why every land has her specific brood?

Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
 Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
 If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep, 130
 In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
 Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
 To milder regions, and a southern sky?

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
 The wondrous nature, and the various race; 135
 Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
 Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
 Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer 140
 Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
 And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose? }
 How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
 Finds she the labour of her day is done?

Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 To bring her burden to the certain hive;
 And through the liquid fields again to pass
 Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass? 150

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
 'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,

By constant journies careful to prepare
 Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
 By what instruction does she bite the grain, 155
 Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear. }
 Fix thy corporeal and internal eye 160

On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
 On the vile worm that yesterday began
 To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
 Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
 They shew their passions by their acts, like thee: 165
 Darting their stings, they previously declare
 Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
 Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 The genial power, and full effect of love.
 Each then has organs to digest his food, 170
 One to beget, and one receive the brood;
 Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
 Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
 What more can our penurious reason grant
 To the large whale, or call'd elephant;
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
 Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?

For potent Nature loves a various act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;

Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
 The object spread too far, or rais'd too high, 185
 Denies its real image to the eye ;
 Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
 Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
 Water and air the varied form confound ;
 The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.

Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
 We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
 Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat ;
 Around her myriads of ideas wait,
 And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen 195
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
 As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide
 Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains ;
 He tires his life in biting on his chains : 200
 For the kind gifts of water and of food
 Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
 He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood : }
 While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force, 205
 Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
 And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
 Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
 Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again : the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210
 On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud ;

Now

Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
 And flies the hated neighbourhood of man :
 While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
 Likest that fox in shape and species found, 215
 Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
 Pursues the noted path, and covets home,
 Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
 Takes what the glutton child denies to eat,
 And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet. 220

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
 In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their principles and ours agree.
 Evil like us they shun, and covet good ; 225
 Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
 Like us they love or hate ; like us they know
 To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
 With seeming thought their action they intend,
 And use the means proportion'd to the end. 230
 Then vainly the philosopher avers,
 That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
 How can we justly different causes frame,
 When the effects intirely are the same ?
 Instinct and reason how can we divide ? 235
 'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,
 If the brute beast refuses to obey.
 For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
 Proclaims himself the universal lord,

Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
 Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
 Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
 If in the schools or parches should appear
 The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?

}
 245

The combatant too late the field declines,
 When now the sword is girded to his loins.
 When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
 Too late the sailor views the land behind.
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring
 Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing :
 Forward she strives, averse to be withheld.
 From nobler objects, and a larger field.

250

Consider with me this æthereal space,
 Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
 Anxious I ask you, how the penfile ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?

255

When I reflect how the revolving sun
 Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
 I doubt of many lands, if they contain
 Or herd of beast, or colony of man ;
 If any nation pass their destin'd days
 Beneath the neighbouring sun's directer rays ;
 If any suffer on the Polar coast
 The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.

260

265

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of these some secret good dispense?
 Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
 May they not gales unknown to us receive?

See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth, 270
 And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
 May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;
 While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
 They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighbouring sun, whose constant flame
 Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
 And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
 North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
 Where through the plains of one continual day 280
 Six shining months pursue their even way,
 And fix succeeding urge their dusky flight,
 Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
 May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
 (As annals may inform succeeding times) 285
 To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
 Their own vicissitude, and equal share
 Of day and night, disparted through the year? }
 May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space, 290
 Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
 Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our climes upbraid
 Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
 That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest 295
 With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
 Another sun demands return of care,
 The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?

Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
 Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
 Uninterrupted voyages they take
 To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
 Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
 With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
 And, when declining day forsakes their sky, 305
 When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
 With plenty for the coming season blest,
 Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
 From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
 Which our sad scenes of daily action know: 310
 They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
 And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
 Or tell their tender loves (the only care
 Which now they suffer) to the listening fair;
 And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease 315
 (Grateful alternate of substantial peace),
 They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
 On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
 Far from this length of continent disjoin'd, 320
 The rugged bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,
 Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood;
 The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
 Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;
 And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast, 325
 Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest;
 Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
 From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?

Whence

Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man? 330
Or, grant this progeny was wasted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take, 335
Feed the she adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race; 340
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;
While the great fire's unhappy sons are found, 345
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view; 350
That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth 355
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:

Those finer parts of air again aspire,
 Move into warmth, and brighten into fire : 360
 That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
 Alters its particles ; is fire no more,
 But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore ;
 Or, running through the mighty mother's veins, 365
 Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ;
 With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
 Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
 And deep furcharg'd by sandy mountains lie, 370
 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain,
 And furious wind, down to the distant plain
 The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
 Shall fall ; the plain by slow degrees shall rise
 Higher than erst had flood the summit-hill ; 375
 For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
 All things are light or heavy, small or great :
 Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
 And Ægypt's pyramids refine to air : 380
 Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
 And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
 Now where we see these changes often fall,
 Sedate we pass them by as natural ;
 Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 385
 The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
 Let active thought these close meanders trace ;
 Let human wit their dubious boundaries place :

Are

Are all things miracle ; or nothing such ?
 And prove we not too little, or too much ? 390

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
 Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud ;
 Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
 Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
 Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds, 395
 And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods ?
 That each successive night from opening heaven
 The food of angels should to man be given ;
 Is this more strange, than that with common bread
 Our fainting bodies every day are fed ? 400

Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
 Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
 And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
 The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows ?

Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce, 405
 Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
 The thoughtful soul this general inference draws, }
 That an effect must pre-suppose a cause :
 And, while she does her upward flight sustain, 410
 Touching each link of the continued chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity ; }
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by reason found, 415
 Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd ;
 How can we bind or limit his decree,
 By what our ear has heard, or eye may see ?

Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,
 Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast ? 420
 Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
 Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
 Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
 And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn !
 Ere the progressive course of restless age 425
 Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
 May not our power and learning be suppress'd,
 And arts and empire learn to travel west ?

Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd,
 Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd, 430
 Ascends my soul ? what sees the white and great
 Amidst subjected seas ? An *isle*, the seat
 Of power and plenty ; her imperial throne,
 For justice and for mercy sought and known ;
 Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven, 435
 From thence to this distinguish'd nation given.
 Yet farther west the western *isle* extends
 Her happy fame ; her armed fleet she sends
 To climates folded yet from human eye,
 And lands, which we imagine wave and sky. 440
 From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
 And rules an empire by no ocean bound ;
 Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
 In other Indîes, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name) 441
 Be first in conquest, and preside in fame :
 Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
 The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age :

Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
 Of human things least changeable, least vain. 450
 Yet all must with the general doom comply,
 And this great glorious power, though last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon' azure sky :
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread, 455
 Now streak'd and glowing with the morning-red ;
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
 And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
 Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were given,
 And whence this great variety of heaven. 460
 Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky ;
 Than that night rises from his absent ray,
 And his returning lustre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning-red in vain : 465
 'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
 The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
 Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears : 470
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
 With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
 Send forth, ye wife, send forth your labouring thought ;
 Let it return with empty notions fraught,
 Of airy columns every moment broke, 475
 Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
 Yet this solution but once more affords
 New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :

In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very fame I gave. 480

Lo ! as a giant strong, the lusty fun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run ;
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again, when his descending orb retires, 485
And earth perceives the absence of his fires ;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race ;
Various her beams, and changeable her face. 490

Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd ;
Each knows his course with different periods bound ;
And, in his passage through the liquid space, 495
Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays ?
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shewn) }
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own, 500 }
All servants to that source of light, the sun ?

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build) ; 505
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.

How

How mean the order and perfection sought,
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns 510
 In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
 How small a portion of his power is given
 To orbs more distant, and remoter heaven? 515
 And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
 Each, by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 (Itself a sun) and with transmissive light 520
 Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight.

Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
 And other stars may to those suns be earths,
 Give their own elements their proper births, 525
 Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll:
 Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,
 May each to other (as their different sphere 530 }
 Makes or their distance or their light appear)
 Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
 And, in that space which we call air and sky, }
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie,
 Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye. 535 }

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its centre here or there;

Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought ,
 Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.

Where then are all the radiant *monsters* driven, 540
 With which your guesſes fill'd the frighten'd heaven ?
 Where will their fictitious images remain ?

In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain ?

This problem yet, this offspring of a gueſs,
 Let us for once a child of truth confeſs ; 545
 That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
 And terror to our ſearching dazzled fight
 Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite. }

But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride? 550
 Thyſelf but duſt, thy ſtature but a ſpan,
 A moment thy duration, fooliſh man ?

As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
 That Caucaſus was rais'd to pave his way ;
 The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood 555
 Was deſtin'd only for his walk and food ;
 The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
 That rounds the ample ſeas, as well may boaſt,
 The craggy rock projects above the ſky,
 That he in ſafety at its foot may lie ; 560
 And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
 Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.

A higher flight the venturous goddeſs tries,
 Leaving material worlds and local ſkies ;
 Inquires what are the beings, where the ſpace, 565
 That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.

For

For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
 (I offer only what tradition taught);
 Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
 Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose; 570
 Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes. }
 What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
 These bound to bear an everlasting load,
 Durance of chain, and banishment of God; 575
 By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
 To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:
 While those exalted to primæval light,
 Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
 Only perceive some little pause of joys 580
 In those great moments when their God employs
 Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
 On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
 Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
 And speak the thunder falling from his hand, 585
 When to his duty the proud king returns,
 And the rebellious state in ashes mourns?
 How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
 Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
 Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here? 590
 He who made all, is he not every where?
 Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
 So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
 Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of sight? }
 What mean I now of angel, when I hear 595
 Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?

Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external eye be ever seen. 600

Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
 That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
 Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd feet?
 Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage 605
 To save their bodies from abusive rage?
 And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
 How could a form in strength with matter try?
 Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh? 610

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
 How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
 By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
 By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims) 615
 Substances real, and existing frames?
 How comes it, since with them we jointly share
 The great effect of one Creator's care,
 That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
 Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay? 620
 Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
 Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
 On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd, 625
 And found, that nothing by itself was made;

When

When thought has rais'd itself, by just degrees,
 From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
 From smoaking mineral, and from rising streams;
 From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630
 From all the living, that four-footed move
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
 From all that can with fins or feathers fly
 Through the aërial or the watery sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul, 635
 That miserable master of the whole;
 From this great object of the body's eye,
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light; 640
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
 Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
 Lift we our Reason to that Sovereign Cause, 645
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
 laws;
 Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
 His will and act, his word and work the same;
 To whom a thousand years are but a day;
 Who bad the light her genial beams display, 650 }
 And set the moon, and taught the sun its way:
 Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd course;
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command,

The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes }
 pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
 This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
 Who like the potter in a mould has caſt 660
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee ;
 Yet if he wills may change or ſpoil the whole ;
 May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll, }
 And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll ; 665 }
 May from its baſis in one moment pour
 This melted earth —

Like liquid metal, and like burning ore :
 Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made; 670
 And it was ſo : — and, when he ſhall ordain
 In other fort, has but to ſpeak again,
 And they ſhall be no more : Of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
 This God, I would diſcourſe. — 675

The learned elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd,
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd ;
 Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor answer frame
 (Too plain, alas ! their ſilence ſpoke their ſhame) ;
 Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd, 680
 And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
 Began : That human learning's furtheſt reach
 Was but to note the doctrine I could teach ;

That

That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey ;
 For I in knowledge more than power did sway : 685
 And the astonish'd world in me beheld
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
 Humble a second bow'd, and took the word ;
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd :
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise ; 690
 As none has equal'd, none shall ever rise
 Excelling thee. —

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious Flattery ! thy malignant seeds,
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand, 695
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud, 700
 Echo'd the word : whence things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know :
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see !

My prophets and my sophists finish'd here 705
 The civil efforts of the verbal war :
 Not so my rabbins and logicians yield ;
 Retiring, still they combat ; from the field
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,
 And sculk behind the subterfuge of art. 710
 To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
 Divide the simple, and the plain define ;

Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
 Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd, 715
 And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought :
 The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught ;
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd. 720

O wretched impotence of human mind !
 We erring still excuse for error find,
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man ! since first thy blushing fire essay'd
 His folly with connected leaves to shade, 725
 How does the crime of thy resembling race
 With like attempt that pristine error trace !
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
 By masks of eloquence and veils of pride ? 730

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd ;
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd ;
 But bent, and inward to myself, again
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
 My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd, 735
 At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
 Impartial ; both in equal balance laid,
 Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
 weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,
 That human science is uncertain guess. 740
 Alas !

Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
 Or who shall tell me what is space or time?

| | | |
|---|-----|---|
| In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes | 745 | } |
| To what our Maker to their ken denies: | | |
| The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies. | | } |
| The little which imperfectly we find, | | |
| Seduces only the bewilder'd mind | | } |
| To fruitless search of something yet behind. | 750 | |
| Various discussions tear our heated brain; | | } |
| Opinions often turn; still doubts remain; | | |
| And who indulges thought, increases pain. | | |

How narrow limits were to wisdom given!
 Earth she surveys; she thence would measure heaven;
 Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way;
 Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
 And from the summit of a pathless coast
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Remember, that the curs'd desire to know, | 760 |
| Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe. | |
| Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit, | |
| And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit; | |
| With empty labour and eluded strife | |
| Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life; | 765 |
| For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd, | |
| Which flaming fwords and angry cherubs guard? | |

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

- “ I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee
“ with mirth ; therefore enjoy pleasure.” Eccl. ii. 1.
- “ I made me great works, I builded me houses, I
“ planted me vineyards.” Ver. 4.
- “ I made me gardens and orchards ; and I planted trees
“ in them of all kind of fruits.” Ver. 5.
- “ I made me pools of water, to water therewith the
“ wood that bringeth forth trees.” Ver. 6.
- “ Then I looked on all the works that my hands had
“ wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do :
“ And behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit ;
“ and there was no profit under the sun.” Ver. 11.
- “ I gat me men-fingers and women-fingers, and the de-
“ lights of the sons of men, as musical instruments,
“ and that of all sorts.” Ver. 8.
- “ I fought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet
“ acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay
“ hold on folly, till I might see what was that good
“ for the sons of men, which they should do under
“ heaven, all the days of their life.” Ver. 3.
- “ Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto the
“ fool, so it happeneth even unto me ; and why was
“ I then more wise ? Then I said in my heart, that
“ this also is vanity.” Ver. 15.
- “ Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought
“ under the sun is grievous unto me.” Ch. ii. ver. 27.
- “ Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking
“ favour : so doth a little folly him that is in repu-
“ tation for wisdom and honour.” Chap. x. ver. 1.
- “ The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of
“ the wicked shall rot.” Proverbs, ch. x. ver. 7.

P L E A S U R E :

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it : begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting ; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry ; recovers his thought ; reasons aright ; and concludes that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

TR Y then, O man, the moments to deceive,
 That from the womb attend thee to the grave :
 For weary'd nature find some apter scheme :
 Health be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.
 From the perplexing and unequal ways, 5
 Where study brings thee ; from the endless maze,
 Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
 To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To

2

To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
 Forfake what may instruct, for what may please; 10
 Essay amusing art, and proud expence,
 And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
 And all the various luxe of costly pride;
 Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours; 15
 I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
 Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
 I to the limits of my court confin'd;
 To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
 And bad a foreign shade grace Judah's earth; 20
 Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
 And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
 Rivers diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force,
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd, 25
 Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold;
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
 Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
 On which the planted grove, the penfile garden, grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
 To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
 To mark the pavement there with various stone,
 And on the jaspe steps to rear the throne:
 The spreading cedar, that an age had stood, 35
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thou-

A thousand artists shew their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower. 40

A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room ;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex* is no more ;
Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast, 45
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost ;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.

My full design with vast expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd ; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on filken beds I sought repose, 55
And restless oft' from purple couches rose ;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd ;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days ;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways, }
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze. }

Yet take thy bent, my soul ; another sense
Indulge ; add music to magnificence :
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul. 65

* The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Often our seers and poets have confest
 That music's force can tame the furious beast ;
 Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
 His rage; the lion drop his crested main,
 Attentive to the song; the lynx forget 70
 His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
 Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
 Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
 Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre 75
 Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
 Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
 When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes resin'd,
 And every strength with every grace was join'd.
 Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay; 80
 Of opening heaven they sung and gladsome day.
 Each evening their repeated skill express'd
 Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
 Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:
 But how unequal the effects it brought! 85
 The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
 Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
 The solemn violence of the graver sound
 Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90
 The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
 How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
 Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
 And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
 The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound, 95
 Condemn'd.

Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions seem; 100
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.

Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command. 105

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast, 110
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
And, as at dawn of morn fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air, 120
Offence and torture to the sober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret. 125

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
 In the pernicious draught ; the word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
 Irrevocable ; the too prompt reply,
 Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate ; 130
 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
 Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man ! whom sorrow thus and rage
 To different ills alternately engage ; 135
 Who drinks, alas ! but to forget ; nor sees
 That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
 Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
 Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught ;
 And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl, 140
 Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
 Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom ?—Love.
 Love yet remains : indulge his genial fire,
 Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire, 145
 And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
 This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast ?
 Why ceases it one moment to be blest ?
 Fly swift, my friends ; my servants, fly ; employ 150
 Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
 Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd ;
 Let them to-night attend the royal feast ;
 All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair ;
 The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war : 155

Before

Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said : the feast was serv'd, the bowl was crown'd ;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.

The women came : as custom wills, they past : 160

On one (O that distinguish'd one !) I cast

The favourite glance ! O ! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.

Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race ;

Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face ;

Eas'd her motion seem'd, serene her air ;

Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose ; her hair,

Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,

Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,

And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd. }

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,

Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve

Your monarch's bliss, I said ; fresh roses bring

To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring

Confess her want ; around my amorous head 175

Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,

Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,

Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require

Sounds of delight : and thou, fair nymph ! draw nigh,

Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye, 180

Thy master's joy long-sought at length is found ;

And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd ;

O favourite virgin ! that hast warm'd the breast,

Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East !

'I said; and sudden from the golden throne, 185
 With a submissive step, I halted down.
 The glowing garland from my hair I took,
 Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
 O favourite virgin! (yet again I said) 190
 Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
 And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
 Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
 Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away.

What pangs, alas! what ecstasy of smart, 195
 Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
 When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
 Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest: 200 }
 And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast,
 Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
 Our Eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
 And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour. 205

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
 (Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread);
 Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
 Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;
 By turns put on the suppliant and the lord; 210
 Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
 Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
 And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
 Far as she might she decently retir'd ; 215
 And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
 What means, said she, King Solomon the Wife ?

This wretched body trembles at your power :
 Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.
 Free to herself my potent mind remains, 220
 Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
 Supreme of seers ! of angel, man, and brute ;
 Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
 Of passion's folly, and of reason's force ; 225
 That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
 Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow ;
 That thou in science as in power art great,
 And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
 Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought, 230
 With just advice and timely counsel fraught ?
 Where now, O Judge of Israel ! does it rove ?—
 What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love—
 Love ! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife ;
 'Tis all the colour of remaining life : 235

And human misery must begin or end,
 As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
 Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
 To the first bride-bed of the world receive
 A foreigner, a Heathen, and a slave ? 240 }
 Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
 That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void ;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
 His flames and torments only are express'd ;
 His rage can in my smiles alone relent, 245
 And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
 Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot ;
 Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
 The pleasing ecstacy which each receives : 250
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows ;
 Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
 And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows. }
 If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies ; 255 }
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies. }

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd :
 The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
 Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ :
 Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
 Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
 Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
 Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway ;
 Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey :
 But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease, 265
 Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
 And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please. }
 Not that those arts can here successful prove,
 For I am destin'd to another's love.
 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
 To my dear equal in my native land,

My plighted vow I gave ; I his receiv'd :
 Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
 The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd ;
 In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd 275
 Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
 The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd ;
 Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd ;
 End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate, 280
 Thy ill-starr'd passion and my steadfast hate :
 For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
 Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
 Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
 Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair. 285

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast ;
 Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
 That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
 Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd !

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed, 290
 And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
 Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;
 Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
 When I through number'd years have pleasure sought,
 And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught ; 295
 To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
 'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great Heaven ! does life or death
 Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath ;
 While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore, 300
 And one mad damsel dares dispute my power ?

To

To ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd,
 Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
 To send her back! O whither, and to whom?
 To lands where Solomon must never come? 305
 To that insulting rival's happy arms,
 For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
 How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
 Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway, 310
 And those are punish'd most who most obey.
 See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
 What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
 Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
 Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer? 315
 Why to some simple shepherd does she run
 From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
 Why flies she from the glories of a court,
 Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
 To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow.
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
 Thy force, while they erect the shrines of Love. 325
 His mystic form the artizans of Greece
 In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
 A quiver by his side sustains his store 330
 Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his power:

A pair

A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends. }
 Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd, 335.

Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
 I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
 Curs'd dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
 O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! 340
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king! }

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget; 345
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;
 Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
 I from necessity receiv'd relief:
 Time gently aided to assuage my pain, 350
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O, how short my interval of woe!
 Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!
 Another nymph (for so did Heaven ordain,
 To change the manner, but renew the pain); 355
 Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand,
 And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
 Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
 To grace my presence; Abra went the last:

Abra

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing glos'd, that Abra serv'd so well. 365
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray, 370
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands): 375
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd; 380
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean? 385
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke: 390
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If

If the great master will descend to hear
 The humble series of his handmaid's care;
 O! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look that awes the nations from the throne! 395
 O! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!

Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
 And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
 If the king smile whilst I my woe recite, 400 }
 If weeping I find favour in his sight,
 Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight. }

O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
 For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
 If madness may the name of passion bear, 405
 Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.

Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls!
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease? 410
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run, 415 }
 Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
 Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon. }
 For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,

Wavering, impatient, tofs'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.

}

On my declining neck and open breast

425

I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

430

Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

435

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.

440

Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;

445

Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
 Recent, and branching on the funny rock. }

Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
 How white his hands, how blue the manly veins. 455

Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
 On golden bases, are his legs and feet ;
 His stature all majestic, all divine,

Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
 Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed, 460
 And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.

What utter I ! where am I ! wretched maid !
 Die, Abra, die : too plainly hast thou said
 Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
 And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race ; 465
 To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,

With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 O foolish maid ! and O unhappy tale !
 My suffering heart for ever shall defy 470
 New wounds and danger from a future eye.

O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched memory of my former pain,
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain. }

As time, I said, may happily efface 475
 That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
 Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
 And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.

Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care, 480
 Nor ever ought a second time to err. }

This Abra then—

I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true, 485
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight. 490

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I fought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste, 495
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre, 500
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One shew'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest, 505
And better mien disclos'd, as better dress'd.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd; 510

Bracelets

Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
 And every gem augmented every charm.
 Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
 And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame, 515
 The several follies of my former flame ;
 Willing my heart for recompense to prove
 The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
 For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ? 520
 The damsel's sole ambition is to please :
 With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :
 She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind :
 Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?

Great Heaven ! how frail thy creature man is made !
 How by himself insensibly betray'd !
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse power,
 And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. 530
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way ;
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
 Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade, 535
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ; 540

And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power 545
 How shall the human bosom rest secure?
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
 Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
 The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy? 550

The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate. 555 }

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shewn,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please is certain to persuade, 560
 To-day lov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see through reason's optics right,
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind. 565

To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.

Here

Here generous softness warms the honest breast ; 570
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
 And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
 We sicken soon from her contagious care,
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ; 575
 And against love too late those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid, 580
 If by our pity and our pride betray'd ?
 External remedy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind ;
 Insulting there does reason's power deride,
 And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide ? 585
 My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
 My freedom in her chains ; my heart was fill'd
 With her, with her alone ; in her alone
 It sought its peace and joy : while she was gone,
 It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay ; 590
 Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away :
 Her absence made the night, her presence brought
 the day.

The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed :
 For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
 I court her various in each shape and dress, 595
 That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
 In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns :

The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow. 600

The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forfeats the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes, 605
And from the village with the present comes :
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms ;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen. 610

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state, 615
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
'Till Abra comes : she comes ; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use), 620
And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her side 625
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray.

Diana,

Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
 The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves. 630
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey :
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
 The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame :
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
 Her mystic praise ; the vocal triumphs bound 635
 Against the hills ; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
 To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
 Her mind to-morrow points ; a thousand hands,
 To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands. 640
 Upon the watery beach an artful pile
 Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle :
 A golden chariot in the midst is set,
 And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
 Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne, 645
 In semblance of the Grecian Venus known :
 Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
 And sing in moving strains the force of love ;
 Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near, 650
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive
 The fancy'd Goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason ! O imperious Love ! 655
 Whither yet further would my folly rove ?
 Is it enough, that Abra should be great
 In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat ?

That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame ? 660
 No, no : Jerusalem combin'd must see
 My open fault, and regal infamy.
 Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast :
 Abra invites ; the nation is the guest.
 To have the honour of each day sustain'd, 665
 The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd :
 Arabia's wilds, and Ægypt's, are explor'd :
 The edible creation decks the board :
 Hardly the phoenix 'scapes—
 The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise, 670
 To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise ;
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
 In lying strains and ignominious verse :
 While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
 Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide, 675
 I shew her to the world, confess'd and known
 Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the court ;
 From Dan and from Beersheba they resort :
 They barter places, and dispose of grants, 680
 Whole provinces unequal to their wants ;
 They teach her to recede, or to debate,
 With toys of love to mix affairs of state ;
 By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
 And in my pleasure make my ruin sure. 685
 They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
 That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
 Dissemble and command, be false and wise ;

By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
 Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
 And now I leave the true and just supports
 Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
 Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
 Whose fires, great partners in my father's cares,
 Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd, 695
 Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
 And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
 Those whom my follies only made me fear,
 Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
 Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
 Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him }
 to his face.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
 Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
 Her will alone could settle or revoke,
 And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke. 705

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
 Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
 O! had I now review'd the famous cause, 710
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
 In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
 Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
 And real care in vain, and native love,
 In the true parent's panting breast had strove; 715
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
 Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.
 Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain ; 720
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
 And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
 No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
 To hear my maxims, and reform their own. 725
 No more the young nobility were taught
 How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
 Loose and undisciplin'd the foldier lay,
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
 Porches and schools, design'd for public good, 730
 Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
 Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
 Half pillars wanted their expected height,
 And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
 The artists grieve ; the labouring people droop : 735
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple, lies unfinish'd.—

The wife and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
 And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man, 740
 Whose active soul through every science ran ?
 Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
 Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill ?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large phylacteries expressive writ, 745
 Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride ?

Could

Could not the wife his wild desires restrain?
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
 What from his life and letters were we taught, 750
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
 (As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame. 755

Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see
 How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife,
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.

However, friend, here's to the king, one cries: 760
 To him who *was* the king, the friend replies.
 The king, for Judah's and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?

Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,
 If thus the prudent and determin'd err. 765

Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:

Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow: 770

Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy power express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast! 775
 And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
 And more to think be only more to grieve: }

If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
 Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride, 780
 And, changing sorrows, I am only found
 Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more strictly
 bound !

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign ?
 While thou, alas ! art but an empty name, 785
 To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same ;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought ;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade ;
 A chain which man to fetter man has made ; 790
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd !

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
 I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting. }
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul, 795
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
 Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard ;
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward :
 Yes ; rebel Israel ! this unhappy maid
 Shall be dismiss'd : the crowd shall be obey'd : 800
 The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate ;
 I will, alas ! be wretched to be great, }
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state. 805

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief
 At once so far, as to expect relief

From my despair alone—

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake. 810

The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
How inconsistent majesty and love.

I always should, it said, esteem her well,
But never see her more : it bid her feel
No future pain for me ; but instant wed 815

A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain. 820

She kneel'd, intreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd :
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care, 825

Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the
world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll ? 830

What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain ?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain ?

How oft' from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love ?

How oft', all day, recall'd I Abra's charms, 835
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms ?

How

How oft', with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
 Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
 How oft' desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
 And live in shades with her and Love alone? 840
 How oft' all night pursued her in my dreams,
 O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,
 And, waking, view'd with grief the rising sun,
 And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love, 845
 In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
 At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
 Bore down whatever met its stronger course,
 Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
 And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past. 850
 So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
 The congregated snow and swelling rain,
 Till the full stores their ancient bounds distend
 Precipitate the furious torrent flows:

In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose; 855
 Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,
 With one great death deform the dreary ground:
 The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.

And now, what impious ways my wishes took,
 How they the monarch and the man forsook; 860
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
 Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
 How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
 By turns my prostituted bed receives;
 Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd 865
 Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;

And,

And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust :
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd ! 870

O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade !
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief, 875
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief !

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay ;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires. 880

By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd ;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide, 885
To take the true, or set the false aside.

No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails ;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails. 890
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway ;
They ask, I grant ; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride, 895
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride :

Now

Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire ; 900
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress, 905
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown ?
Where the high majesty of David's throne ?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth, 910
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods ;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud, 915
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food ?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid ;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell ; 920
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd ;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbitrer of earth and heaven ?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul, 925
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.

The

The rising motion of an infant ray
 Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now, one moment able to reflect,
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect, 930 }
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.

I found my subjects amicably join
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
 And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace. 935 }
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
 The sad examples which he ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon. }
 Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
 A wise child better than a foolish king. 940 }

Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
 Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free, 945
 And life or death depends on my decree.
 Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
 O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
 Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
 Insult the master's tributary will: 950
 And he, from whom the nations should receive
 Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
 Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
 Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call; 955
 Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom,

Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,
 Her beams transmitted to the subject earth :
 Yet this great empress of the human soul
 Does only with imagin'd power control, 960
 If restless Passion by rebellious sway
 Compels the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
 Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
 To worse extremes with swifter steps would run, 965
 Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft' have I said, the praise of doing well
 Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
 Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
 Into the alabaster urn should fall, 970
 The odours of the sweets inclos'd would die,
 And stench corrupt (sad change !) their place supply.
 So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
 Of future ill become the fatal seed ;
 Into the balm of purest virtue cast, 975
 Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon ! pursue this thought no more :
 Of thy past errors recollect the store ;
 And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse
 Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse 980
 Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
 Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
 Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
 Awakening, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
 Much of my women and their gods ashamed ;

From this abyfs of exemplary vice
Refolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rife ;
Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
The fond purſuit of fugitive delight ;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing, 990
And, rais'd from earth, and fav'd from paſſion, ſing
Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs wealth and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train,
Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks, deceitful all, and vain.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

- " Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
 " be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
 " or the wheel broken at the cistern." Eccl. xii. 6.
- " The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth
 " to his place where he arose." Ch. i. 5.
- " The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about
 " unto the north. It whirleth about continually;
 " and the wind returneth again, according to his cir-
 " cuit." Ver. 6.
- " All the rivers run into the sea : yet the sea is not full.
 " Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thi-
 " ther they return again." Ver. 7.
- " Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was : and
 " the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."
 Ch. xii. 7.
- " Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the
 " fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the
 " burnt-offering, and the sacrifices ; and the glory of
 " the LORD filled the house." 2 Chron. vii. 1.
- " By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ; yea
 " we wept, when we remembered Sion," &c.
 Psalm cxxxvii. 1.
- " I said of laughter, it is mad ; and of mirth, what
 " doth it ?" Eccles. ii. 2.
- " No man can find out the work that God maketh,
 " from the beginning to the end." Ch. iii. 11.
- " Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever ; nothing
 " can be put to it, nor anything taken from it : and God
 " doeth it, that men should fear before him." Ver. 14.
- " Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter ; fear
 " God, and keep his commandments ; for this is the
 " whole duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

P O W E R :

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is Vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

C O M E then, my Soul; I call thee by that name,
 Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am :
 For, knowing what I am, I know thou art ;
 Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
 But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring? 5
 For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet ; 10
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of will ;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain ;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail, 15
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail ;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death ?

Or, if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire 20
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay ;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel ;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame, 25
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame ;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war ;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age ; 30
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls ;
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains ;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35
Impatient to regain her native skies ?

What-

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
 (Points which we rather may dispute than know)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest, 40
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade :
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear, 45
 Guided to what may great or good appear,
 And try if life be worth the liver's care. }

Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
 What through the whole creation has excell'd :
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense, 50
 The angel's forecast and intelligence :
 Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
 Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
 In its true light let clearest reason see
 The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be ; 55
 Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
 To be expos'd and rear'd as she may please, }
 Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease :
 His tender eye by too direct a ray
 Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day ; 60
 His heart assaulted by invading air,
 And beating fervent to the vital war ;
 To his young sense how various forms appear,
 That strike his wonder, and excite his fear :
 By his distortions he reveals his pains ; 65
 He by his tears and by his sighs complains ;

Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
 By broken words and rudiments of speech,
 His wants in plainer characters to show,
 And paint more perfect figures of his woe ; 70
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
 To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
 To pass the riper period of his age,
 Acting his part upon a crowded stage ;
 To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75
 To open dangers, and to secret snares ;
 To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
 And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
 His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
 Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill ; 80
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
 Who, in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
 Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate. }
 Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
 And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men, 85
 In the remotest wood and lonely grot
 Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought ; }
 Different ideas to his memory brought,
 Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
 Impetuous some as the descending floods ; 90
 With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
 No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
 He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
 And from himself the frightened hermit flies.
 Thus, through what path so'er of life we rove, 95
 Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.

Vex'd

Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
 Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap, 100
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
 But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
 Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the path again; 105
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
 Judging the latest evils still the worst,
 And sadly finding each progressive hour
 Heighten their number and augment their power,
 Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd, 110
 Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
 We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
 Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
 Thus through the round of age to childhood we return; }
 Reflecting find, that naked from the womb 115
 We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
 Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
 Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
 The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads; 120
 The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
 The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
 The noisome pestilence, that in open war 125
 Terrible marches through the mid-day air,

And scatters death; the arrow that by night
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
 The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store, 130 }
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
 Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
 The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
 And eminence of want distinguishes the year. 135
 Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
 Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel stone with congregated war
 Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
 With frequent impulse, and continued strife, 140
 Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
 The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
 The sad experience of decay; and age,
 Himself the forest ill; while death and ease,
 Oft' and in vain invoc'd or to appease 145
 Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
 From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.
 Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
 Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
 To the cold shaking paralytic hand, 150
 Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;
 Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
 The dictates of its feeble master's will.
 Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
 The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale, 155
 When

When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling and the shelly shore, 160
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain; 165
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies, 170
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives, }
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring time, the silver cord 175
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot; 180
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd, 185
 And view we man with health and vigour blest.
 Home he returns with the declining sun,
 His destin'd task of labour hardly done ;
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 Again his travel for his bread to pay, 190 }
 And find the ill sufficient to the day.
 Haply at night he does with horror shun
 A widow'd daughter or a dying son ;
 His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
 And doubly feels his want in their increase ; 195
 The next day, and the next, he must attend
 His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
 In every act and turn of life he feels
 Public calamities, or household ills ;
 The due reward to just desert refus'd, 200
 The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd ;
 The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
 And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws ;
 The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 And violent will of the wrong-doing great ; 205
 The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
 Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance ?
 Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210
 From destin'd order and eternal law ?
 Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat :
 Spring they, I say, from accident or fate ?

Yet

Yet such we find they are as can control
 The servile actions of our wavering soul : 215
 Can fight, can alter, or can chain, the will ;
 Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search ! in which the labouring mind,
 Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
 A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220
 From years of pain one moment of release ;
 Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve. }

Happy the mortal man, who now at last 225
 Has through this doleful vale of misery past,
 Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
 The tedious load, and laid his burden down ;
 Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shews
 Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes. 230
 He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
 To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
 Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

But O ! beyond description happiest he, 235
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous sea ;
 Who, with bless'd freedom, from the general doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb, }
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb ! }

Who breathes, must suffer ; and who thinks, must
 mourn ; 240

And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

“ Yet

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear :
 " Are not these general maxims too severe ?
 " Say : cannot power secure its owner's blifs ?
 " And is not wealth the potent fire of peace ? 245 }
 " Are victors blest'd with fame, or kings with ease ?"
 I tell thee, life is but one common care,
 And man was born to suffer, and to fear.
 " But is no rank, no station, no degree,
 " From this contagious taint of sorrow free ?" 250
 None, mortal ! none. Yet in a bolder strain
 Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
 But hence, ye worldly and prophane, retire ;
 For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,
 To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd : 255
 Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd ;
 Your very fear of death shall make you try
 To catch the shade of immortality ;
 Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
 Part of its prey from the devouring grave ; 260
 To those who may survive you to bequeath
 Something entire, in spite of Time and Death ;
 A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
 And in a book, or from a building, live.
 False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly, 265
 The dome shall moulder, and the volume die :
 Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
 That all the parts of this great fabric change,
 Quit their old station, and primæval frame,
 And lose their shape, their essence, and their name ? 270

Reduce

Reduce the song : our hopes, our joys, are vain ;
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wife or great, of judge or king ?

What is a king ?—a man condemn'd to bear 275

The public burden of the nation's care ;

Now crown'd some angry faction to appease ;

Now falls a victim to the people's ease ;

From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth ; 280

At home surrounded by a servile crowd,

Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud ;

Abroad begin't with men, and swords, and spears,

His very state acknowledging his fears ;

Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shews 285

His secret terror of a thousand foes :

In war, however prudent, great, or brave,

To blind events and fickle chance a slave ;

Seeking to settle what for ever flies,

Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow :

The captive generals to his car were ty'd ;

The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,

Echoing his glory, gratify his pride. 295 }

What is this triumph ? madness, shouts, and noise,

One great collection of the people's voice.

The wretches he brings back in chains relate

What may to-morrow be the victor's fate ;

The

The spoils and trophies, borne before him, shew 300
 National loss, and epidemic woe,
 Various distress, which he and his may know. }
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
 Left in the conflict of the fatal day, 305
 Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
 Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
 Wet with the soldiers blood, and widows tears?
 See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
 See millions crowding round the gilded car! 310
 In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
 And full fruition of successful power,
 One moment and one thought might let him scan
 The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
 Are the dire images of sad distrust, 315
 And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
 That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
 Can the loud clarion or shrill sife repel
 The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice
 Plaintive be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise; 320
 Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the ivory chair?
 Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful crowd,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
 (Should fleeing victory to the vanquish'd go, 325
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
 Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
 At the high palace, or the crowded gate;

With

With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brafs anew to his renown. 330

O impotent desire of worldly sway !
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !
Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these, 335
Whom my dilated eye with labour fees,
Would one, alas ! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war, 340
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend ?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise ?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?
To know with more distinction to complain, 345
And have superior sense in feeling pain ?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie ;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain. 350

Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife ; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient : say, my pensive Muse, 355
What did these golden promises produce ?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd :
One day, I think, in paradise he liv'd ;

Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
 Where wounding thorns and curf'd thistles grew. 360
 Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
 Incl'n'd to earth, his labouring fweat muft flow ;
 His limbs muft ake, with daily toils opprefs'd,
 Ere long-wish'd night brings neceffary reft.
 Still viewing with regret his darling Eve, 365
 He for her follies and his own muft grieve ;
 Bewailing ftill afrefh their haplefs choice ;
 His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
 Of Heaven, when firft it thunder'd ; oft' his view
 Aghaft, as when the infant lightning flew, 370
 And the ftern Cherub ftopp'd the fatal road,
 Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
 His younger fon on the polluted ground,
 Firft-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Given by a brother's hand : his eldeft birth 375
 Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth,
 Yet why thefe forrows heap'd upon the fire,
 Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.

Each age fin'd on ; and guilt advanc'd with time :
 The fon ftill added to the father's crime ; 380
 Till God arofe, and, great in anger, faid,
 Lo ! it repenteth me, that man was made !
 Withdraw thy light, thou fun ! be dark, ye fkyes !
 And from your deep abyfs, ye waters, rife !

The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
 And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
 Tempefts and ftorms, obedient to his word.

Mean

Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all that he design'd to save.
 Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood, 390
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.

The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace ;
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal. 395

If on the backward world his views are cast,
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect !) can he aught descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400

In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast ?
 While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd ;
 When of God's image only eight he found
 Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from nations
 drown'd ; 405

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
 The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
 One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race !

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God, 410
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load ;
 By blood and battles must his power maintain,
 And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain ;
 Must deal just portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife ; 415

Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan ;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood, 420
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God ; but how beheld ?
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyſs of light ;
 While present, too severe for human sight, 425 }
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
 The following days, and months, and years, decreed
 To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage ;
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age : 430
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save :
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
 That what the godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
 His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd, 435
 In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd ;
 And dy'd obedient to severest law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
 A scene of danger, and a state of war. 440
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
 The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
 Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.

Forlorn he must and persecuted fly, 445 }
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
 And often ask, and be refus'd, to die. }

For ever, from his manly toil, are known
 The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
 When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
 When every object his offence revil'd,
 The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd, }
 The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child? }
 What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd, 455
 When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
 And the inexorable prophet's voice
 Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his
 choice?

He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
 Its poisonous venom on the royal dead! 460
 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
 Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
 Dying, he added to my weight of care;
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
 Left his unfinish'd murder to his son, 465
 And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
 But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look, 470
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his reverence to the laws;

But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ;
 Could follow him, where-e'er he stray'd from good, }
 And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill ;
 Soon in a brother could a rival view, 480
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
 In vain for life he to the altar fled :
 Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
 Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell,
 But that my interest did my rage conceal. 485
 Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain ;
 With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
 Join fraud to force, and policy to power, 490
 Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
 In solemn state to parricide I rise,
 And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
 Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse ;
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse, 495
 Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
 In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :
 The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;
 The sword was pointed by the king's command.
 Mine was the murder ; it was mine alone : 500
 Years of contrition must the crime atone ;

Nor

Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art, 505
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought ;
From growing childhood to declining age, 510
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death : for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain, 515
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted reason ! what is death ?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath ;
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520
And end of motion which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost ; 525
So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;
So life but opens now, and now decays :
The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear, 530
Death only shews us what we knew was near.

With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
 Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power ;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born. 535

Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wife,
 To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
 Every successive day's repeated race,
 Since Time first started from his pristine goal, 540
 Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul
 Join'd to my body swell'd the womb ; I was
 (At least I think so) nothing : must I pass
 Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
 Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death ? 545
 Must the whole man, amazing thought ! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn ?

And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual he ?
 But, sever'd, must they join the general mass, 550 }
 Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass, }
 Nor thought nor image kept of what he was ?
 Does the great word, that gave him sense, ordain
 That life shall never wake that sense again ?
 And will no power his sinking spirits save 555
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the
 grave ?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run :
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers ; 560
 Starts

Starts the bright race again : his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds ;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds ;
They now dilate, and now contract their force ; 565
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows :
Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same ; 570
Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea ?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise, 575
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly ;
A meteor shooting from the summer sky ; 580
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd ;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course : but, O my soul ! so fast 585
Must life run off, and death for ever last ?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd ;
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind ?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain ? 590

Say : shall our relicks second birth receive ?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead, 595
The spirit only from the body fled ;
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd ;
The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain ? 600
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat ?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete ?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn, 605
Do angels joy to see his better half return ?
But, if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
From the æthereal seat, and blissful heaven, 610
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die ?

Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand :
On either side our thoughts incessant turn ; 615
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn ;
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd, 620
Once

Once more, I said, once more I will inquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
 How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
 Have we the power to guide her as we please? 625
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
 We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
 And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest, 630
 Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
 Dashing our rising hope with certain ill;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That Power superior then, which rules our mind,
 Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
 Then let religion aid, where reason fails;
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales; 640
 And let the silent sanctuary shew,
 What from the babbling schools we may not know, }
 How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe. }

What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?
 Anxious we hover in a mediate state, 645
 Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
 Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend
 Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
 As our Creator deigns to be our friend. }

I said;

I said ;—and instant bad the priests prepare
 The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
 Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir ; 655
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
 The maids in comely order next advance ;
 They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
 Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
 Chaunting, by just return, the holy song. 660
 Along the choir in solemn state they pass :

—The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
 I paid ; and, bowing at the altar low,
 Father of Heaven ! (I said) and Judge of Earth !
 Whose word call'd out this universe to birth ;
 By whose kind power and influencing care
 The various creatures move, and live, and are ;
 But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
 They move (alas !) and live, and are no more : 670
 Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
 To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
 Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease !
 Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts 675
 Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts :
 From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
 Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
 (It was thy hand that made it) through the tide }

Impetuous

Impetuous of this life : let thy command 680
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land !

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe ; 685
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire ! dispel
The clouds that press my soul ; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light ; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise, 690
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new Hereafter, and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care. 695
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power ;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd, 700
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread. 705
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—

Ambro-

Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
 From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose, 710
 Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :
 The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews :
 Celestial music (such Jeshides' lyre,
 Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
 Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear, 715
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
 And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels
 My wond'ring soul ? An opening cloud reveals
 An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
 With robes of light. I heard. The angel said : 720

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
 From daily trouble and continued grief ;
 Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
 Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind ;
 Free and familiar with misfortune grow, 725
 Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe ;
 By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
 See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb ;
 Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
 Portions of toil, and legacies of care ; 730
 Send the successive ills through ages down,
 And let each weeping father tell his son,
 That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child, to whose success thy hope is bound, 735
 Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
 To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd
 (That curst poison to the prince's mind !)

Shall

Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love ; 740
Ill-counsel'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd ;
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son ;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap 745
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head ;
By arms or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horror and intestine rage, 750
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear ;
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred-
blood.

Hence labouring years shall weep their destin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, fully'd with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course— 760
Indulge thy tears : the Heathen shall blaspheme ;
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypts yet and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain. 765
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.

Their

Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires, that wound the ambient sky, 770
(Inglorious change!) shall in destruction lie
Low, levell'd with the dust; their heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold, and vessels set apart to God,
Then, by vile hands to common use debas'd, 780
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest. }

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete;
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know 785
A different master, and a change of woe,
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams where Babel's waters run; 790
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride, 795
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide
Her

Her pensive head ; and in her languid face
 The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
 While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace. }
 With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn 800
 Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
 And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
 Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
 Louder to weep, By day, your frightened seers
 Shall call for fountains to express their tears, 805
 And wish their eyes were floods ; by night, from
 dreams

Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
 Starting amaz'd, shall to the people shew
 Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require 810
 That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
 Shall say : can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
 Untun'd the musick, and diffus'd the voice ?

What can we play (they shall discourse), how sing
 In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king ? 815

We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
 To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
 The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
 (Out-cast of mortal race !) can we conceive
 Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay ? 820

Alas ! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
 The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
 Is but some interval from active woe,
 In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
 Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return. 825
 Bred

Bied up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
 Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
 Reason and sorrow are to us the same.

Alas! with wild amazement we require,
 If idle Folly was not Pleasure's sine?

830

Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
 To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
 Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.

Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply: 835

View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's eye.
 Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.

The man, who would resolve the work of fate,
 May limit number, and make crooked straight:

Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,
 Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.

840

'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
 Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;

What derogates from his command, is ill;

And that alone is good which centres in his will.

845

Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,

Remark what I, God's messenger, aver

From him, who neither can deceive nor err.

850

The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
 Shall from her sad captivity return.

Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,

And in her courts the law again be read.

. Again

Again the glorious temple shall arise, 855
 And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.
 The promis'd seat of empire shall again
 Cover the mountain, and command the plain ;
 And, from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
 Greater in act than victor, more than king 860
 In dignity and power ; sent down from heaven,
 To succour earth. To Him, To Him, 'tis given,
 Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.
 Through Him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
 Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow ; 865
 No more may man inquire, nor angel know.

Now, Solomon ! remembering who thou art,
 Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
 Go forth : be strong : with patience and with care
 Perform, and suffer : to thyself severe, 870
 Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd thy virtues ; first of men ! be best.
 Thy sum of duty let two words contain ;
 (O may they graven in thy heart remain !)
 Be humble, and be just. The angel said.— 875
 With upward speed his agile wings he spread ;
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
 By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object : at length (my mournful look
 Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I spoke : 880

Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate !
 Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate !
 Enthron'd in light and immortality,
 Whom no man fully sees, and none can see !

Original of Beings! Power divine! 885
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
 Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
 Dispose its own effect; let thy command
 Restore, Great Father! thy instructed son;
 And in my act may thy great will be done! 890

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP,
 GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
 è Museo Colbertino allatam,
 Domino Harleo inter Καμύλια sua
 Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
 Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
 Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
 Before the Muse to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
 Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
 I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
 Igne Camœnas.

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